

The Messenger

Rev T Apple D.D.
31 Dec 77

"As the Truth is in Jesus."

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Poetry.

LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

"He knoweth the way that I take."—JON 23: 8-10.

I know not—the way is so misty—

The joys or the griefs it shall bring,

What clouds are o'erhanging the future,

What flowers by the roadside shall spring;

But there's One who will journey beside me,

Nor in woe nor in woe will forsake;

And this is my solace and comfort—

"He knoweth the way that I take."

I stand where the cross-roads are meeting,

And know not the right from the wrong;

No beckoning fingers direct me,

No welcome floats to me in song;

But my Guide will soon give me a token

By wilderness, mountain, or lake;

Whatever the darkness about me

"He knoweth the way that I take."

It is true that I cannot perceive Him;

If backward or forward I go,

He hideth Himself; but He tries me,

That more of His love I may know.

And oh, that the gold may be purer,

For the trouble that comes for love's sake!

I am not afraid of life's sorrow,

"He knoweth the way that I take."

Who knoweth? the Father who loves me,

The Saviour who suffered for me,

The Spirit all present to guide me,

Whatever the future shall be.

So let me have hope and take courage,

This truth shall my joy-anthem make,

The Lord is my strong tower of refuge,

"He knoweth the way that I take."

And I know that the way leadeth homeward,

To the land of the pure and the blest,

To the country of ever-fair summer,

To the city of peace and of rest;

And there shall be healing for sickness,

And fountains life's fever to slake;

What matters beside? I go heavenward,

"He knoweth the way that I take."

—Marianne Farnham, in *London Christian World*.

Communications.

For The Messenger.

WHOSE SHALL BEAUTY BE?

Of all the seasons of the year, none perhaps speaks so loudly and so sweetly of the wonderful things of God, as that upon which we are now entering. Not in the burning heats of summer, nor in the decay of nature in the fall, nor amid the frosts and snows of winter, may one hear day unto day utter speech, and see night unto night show knowledge, so much as in the glad and joyous time of spring. For in the other seasons of the year, the energies and forces of nature seem to lie more dormant, or to be exerted with less apparent power. In midsummer, nature has reached the highest point of her endeavors, and is at a standstill: in the fall she draws in her energies and dies: in winter she wraps herself about in her beautiful winding sheet of snow. But now in the beautiful spring-time, she seems to be fully aroused and awake. In every department of her mighty domain, after the long sleep of winter, her forces of a sudden, spring into vigorous life and energetic action. There is nothing in any other season to compare with the great spring-time that now waves her magic wand over earth, and sea, and sky. If we look to the ground we

tread on, we shall see her pushing on her great work there; if we look to the skies overhead, we shall see them taking on a deeper blue and wearing a more beneficent smile. Everywhere we look is high endeavor, and lofty hope, and things of beauty that are a joy forever.

And so, now that this glad season is again upon us, let every child of God find in it new reasons for praising the great Creator, whose hand hath made all His works so beautiful and good. Let him listen to what nature has to say. Let him open his ears, that he may hear day unto day utter speech; let him open his eyes that he may see night unto night show knowledge. We would have no man, certainly no Christian man, go out at this season by day or by night, without feeling called upon by sights and sounds innumerable, to praise the name of the great and good Creator of all the beauty and goodness he sees on all sides round. If God has made even His dumb and inanimate works to praise Him, surely rational and intelligent man, the greatest and noblest work of His hand, should bare the head under the mighty dome of a smiling sky, and raise his heart in adoration and praise. A man's religion may languish in midsummer, it may droop in autumn, it may be dormant in winter, but if a man has any heart or soul in him at all, any religious principles or susceptibilities at all, now in the glad spring-time, if ever, his heart and soul should be lifted up toward the great Creator. No doubt we should be devout and religious at all times: but if ever lack of devotion is a mortal and unpardonable sin, it is now when birds and trees, and fields, and skies, and senseless rocks, are vocal with praise to Almighty God!

If there is any one truth about God which nature seems to teach at this season more than at any other, it is that God is a being who evidently delights in the beautiful. Were we to begin to describe all the beautiful things we see in the world of nature about us, we should never get done with the bare enumeration of them. There is beauty everywhere we look. There is beauty in the sky, illumined by the sun by day, and oversprinkled with a million stars by night: such beauty that poets have never yet been able sufficiently to describe it in their sublimest verse. There is beauty in the sunrise, in the sunset, in the landscape, the mountains, the lakes, the fields, the hills—such beauty that no tourist can ever sufficiently admire it, no artist ever hope to approach its grand and majestic sweetness on his canvass. Do you go to the tropics—you are lost in wonder. Do you stand on the mountain top amid the mists and clouds—you shall catch glimpses through the rift, of lovely valleys beautiful as the paradise of God. Do you go out on the sea—you shall behold a majestic grandeur in the rolling waves that makes you adore the might of the eternal Being who speaks to you from the sea. There is no drop of dew, no ray of sunlight that is not filled with beauty. Go to the chemist, and ask him with his glass to show you what a ray of sunlight is made of, and he will show you the glories of the rainbow. Go to the anatomist, and he will show you beauty in the form of the most hideous monster that swims in the deep or roams the plain. Go to the astronomer, and ask him to let you gaze through his telescope into the very Heaven at God's wonderful handiwork. Ah, yes. God has made everything. His divine hand has touched not only good, very good, but also beautiful, very beautiful. Men have created things of beauty; but what are they after all, when once set side by side with what God has made. Man made the city, but God made the country. Man has built temples all grand and glorious with pillars and domes: but go you out and look at the hills "rock-ribbed and ancient," the pillars which uphold the globe, and gaze in ever deepening wonder at the grander dome of blue, which God's hand has stretched out over the whole world from pole to pole.

Surely, if the world of Nature teaches anything clearly, it teaches that our Heavenly Father delights in things of beauty. To some poor, misguided souls it has sometimes seemed, as if there were an irreconcilable antagonism between Religion and the Beautiful. Beauty of form and feature, beauty of dress and house and home there

must be something half sinful in these, they think. And no doubt these may be made sinful, as indeed anything may be made sinful. The devil has taken and perverted many beautiful things in this world, and turned them into instruments of evil. Beauty of dress ensnares many a soul, as does beauty of feature, and beauty of house and home. The devil has somehow got a monopoly of the larger part of the creations of art. Some of the finest painting in the world was done with the devil's brush: some of the grandest poetry was written with the devil's pen. Audiences of sinners gather nightly in our Opera Houses, and listen to the most ravishing strains of the sublimest music—but musical art of a high order, it is thought, must not be laid on the altar of the Church. Many glorious sights must we not see, many sublime sounds must we not hear, because forsooth the devil has preoccupied the ground, and so placed his mark on these things of beauty, that God's people must have none of them. As the world goes, and as religion too goes, now-a-days, but little art is open to the enjoyment of a Christian man. And so used are we become to being excluded from the Temples of Art, that, from sheer force of habit, we sometimes think that there must be some irreconcilable contradiction between Religion and the Beautiful. By no means, by no manner of means! No doubt many departments of Art are so perverted to sinful ends and purposes, that a Christian man can have nothing to do with them without sin: yet it does by no means follow, that these wonderful creations of art belong to the Devil, and not rather to God and His children. Surely there cannot be any internal and necessary connection between ugliness and piety. A man is none the better Christian for being hard-featured and sour-faced. Our praises to God are not the more acceptable the wiser they are sung. A lady is none the more devout for dressing like a sloven. God is a God of Beauty. God delights in the beautiful. Does not David speak of "the beauty of the Lord," and Isaiah tell us about the "King in His beauty?" A widespread monopoly Sin and Satan have somehow got of the fairest creations of art, yet still are they not theirs by right, but God's, and ours. A diamond is still a diamond, though it lie in the dust of the highway: and the king's jewels are still the king's jewels, though the court fool have put them on his head. Whatever of beauty the devil has in his possession, he holds by usurpation and not of clear right and title. Not one beautiful thing in all this world belongs to him or his servants. All belong to God and to God's children. And some say all his ill-gotten possession of the beautiful will be wrested from the evil one—we shall, if we be faithful, get ample restitution for all we have been deprived of here in this world. We shall see such celestial scenery as no theatre audience ever witnessed on the stage. We shall hear such rapturous strains sung by seraph tongues as never were heard in the opera—beauty such as poet never dreamed of, nor artist ever imagined, shall we see. Such music shall there be in heaven as only angels are able to make, or saints are worthy to hear. Of the righteous man it is said that "his eyes shall behold the King in His beauty."

MARTYN.

For the Messenger.

THE TOMB OF ONE OF OUR FATHERS IN THE MINISTRY

Written history, as far as we have it for the Reformed Church of the United States, keeps silent relative to one of our pioneer ministers. Even in referring to the "Fathers of the Reformed Church," we find no mention made of Rev. Johan Christian Wilms. All that we know of him is, here and there a little, and very little at that in the old church records, and even on his tombstone is nothing more than is ordinarily inscribed on them. In gathering the scattered fragments of the unwritten history of the Bethany charge, Lancaster County, Pa., we made inquiry of some of the oldest members of Zion's Church, Brickerville, when Father Henry Apple, who's well nigh ninety years of age informed us that a certain Mr. Wilms had been pastor at Brickerville, and that he well remembered him. Reference was made to the "Fathers," but no sketch of his life and work appears in

them. Later on, we happened to be in a family, one of whom is a member of Bethany Church, well-nigh eighty years of age, and while speaking of the various pastorates in the Bethany charge, she remarked, that one of our aged ministers was buried in the grave-yard in connection with the Bethany Church. After looking around for some time, reading the many defaced and time-worn epitaphs, that still mark the resting-place of many a one of God's chosen ones, we at last came across the one marking the resting-place of the subject of our notice. His wife lies buried to the left, and their daughter rests at her side. The three tombs are side by side.

Here follows a fac-simile copy of the inscription on his tombstone:

Hier ruhet der Leichnam des Verstorbenen Johan Christian Wilms, Reformirter Prediger. Geboren den 3 Tag April im Jahr Unsers Herrn, 1738, ist gestorben den 8 März, 1802, so das er sein ganzes alter gebracht hat auf 63 Jahre, 10 Monate und 8 Tage.

Then follows the following verse—undoubtedly a verse of an old German Hymn.

Ich freue mich in meinem Gott,
Der mich erlöst aus Angst und Noth,
Ihr lieben Schaafe wacht recht auf,
Ermuntert euch im Pilgerlauf,
Auf das wir alle dort zusammen,
Den Herrn mögen preisen. Amen.

The time of Father Wilms' pastorate in the congregation, as well as the charge, is not known. He may have been there, for what we know, for quite a time. The nearest that we can arrive at any conclusion is, that his pastorate must have begun the latter part of the last century, and continued to the end of his life. He died with the harness on.

Rev. D. W. Gerhard, pastor of the New Holland charge, says this of him in his "History of the New Holland charge."

"Accordingly, in 1798, under the ministrations of Rev. Johan Christian Wilms, the congregation resolved to go forward with the work." P. 42. He must have been pastor of the charge, even prior to the above given date. There seems to be a break in the various pastorates of this charge, of from ten to twelve years, just about this time. We have no doubt, but that the pastorate of Father Wilms, since we know this much of him, all of which was heretofore mysteriously hid, that his pastorate just bridges the chasm, and permits the various pastorates to flow in unbroken succession.

Much more might be said of him, but we forbear, since this paper has grown too much on our hands already. We will only just add, that his age on the tombstone is incorrectly given. Instead of 63 years, 10 months and 8 days, it ought to be 63 years, 11 months and 5 days. His name is also incorrectly spelled by Rev. D. W. Gerhard in his "History of the New Holland charge." It is not Wilms, but Wilms. Father Apple, who well remembers him, and Miss Lydia Breneiser, whom he baptized are the authorities for the above correction. Father Apple is a member at Brickerville, and Miss Breneiser at Bethany.

Does his name not indicate that he came originally from Holland? Who knows?

D. C. T.

Lititz, Pa., May 3d, 1879.

Selected.

SIMPLICITY IN PREACHING.

In one of his charges, Archbishop Usher says to his clergy, "How much learning and wisdom, my brethren, are necessary to make these things plain?" Could he have said anything more fine and judicious than this? Here is the proper direction and exertion of a minister's talents, whether natural or acquired. They are not to unfit him for any part of his office—which they may easily do, at the stimulation of vanity or pride; but to qualify and aid him the better to perform it. It is so to be feared, that some do not employ their abilities to make things plain—if they do, we can but lament their deplorable want of success. But it would seem as if their aim was to dazzle rather than enlighten; to surprise rather than inform; to raise admiration at their difficult composition, rather than with the Apostles to use great plainness of speech. Even their claim to originality often regards

only the mode of representation. The ideas they wish to pass off as new, when examined, are found only common-place sentiments. The well is not really deep, but you cannot see to the bottom, because of their contrivance to make the water muddy. They are not really tall; and so they stand on tiptoe. They have not a native beauty that always appears to most advantage without finery; and so they would make up the deficiency by excess, and complexity and cumbersomeness of ornament.—Wm. Jay.

THE RESPONSIBILITY OF PRIVATE JUDGMENT.

Many are anxious to claim the right of private judgment, who do not seem to apprehend the responsibility of private judgment. I am not free to think as I like; I am bound to think only that which is true: and this obligation implies the use of all available means for the discovery of truth. The interpretation of God's word must not be taken simply at second-hand from this authority or that, whether Pope, or Council, or Community; responsibility rests on each individual reading that word, and while no one has authority to compel his belief in any direction, he is accountable to God for his own honest, intelligent reception of such testimony as he reads. This fact is a very solemn one; for while it gives us rights against any attempt to bind our conscience by the decrees of our fellow-men, it equally reminds us of our real responsibility toward God. Unless we have a strangely overweening conceit of our own knowledge and ability, we will gladly avail ourselves of the researches and reasonings of spiritual men, as fitting aids and appliances for the attainment of true convictions and the maintenance of a holy life. Two things we dare not forget: first that "one is our Master," and second, that "each member not having the same office." There are "diversities of gifts," and unfaithfulness may consist in the neglect of a gift that is another's, as well as in the neglect of the gift that is our own. "Prove all things,"—that is a caution against the too facile acceptance of creed or conduct. "Hold fast that which is good,"—this is a counsel for the wise grasp and use of things right and true, which, under Divine teaching, we have succeeded in apprehending.

Blind, stubborn, dogmatic vociferation is neither healthful to our own spirit, nor is it likely to prove helpful to those whom we would win to the acknowledgment of the truth. Religious journals, by their bitter refusal to admit the existence of anything good or true in their opponents, have done incalculable mischief in the past. Erring brethren have sometimes been hounded into heresy. Toward the false and the wrong let us cherish the most intense antagonism; but on that very account let us also exert ourselves to the utmost, in loving endeavor to save our brethren from falseness and wrongness. Pity and kindness, not pitilessness and injustice, will be found to be our best allies in this endeavor. The wise attitude of Christian men toward the erring, is that of patient readiness to listen to all that they can plead, combined with earnest effort to appreciate the thoughts and feelings by which they are actuated. By unsympathetic hardness or forbidding harshness we can only estrange them beyond the reach of our influence altogether. Practically applied, these principles will be found productive of the best results in Christian literature.

We are fully aware that there are some good men so exceedingly narrow, or rather so strongly self-opinionated, that they doggedly refuse to entertain for one moment, any objection that may be urged against their iron beliefs. Oliver Cromwell met this spirit in some of the Scotch Presbyterians of his time, and naively suggested to them the propriety of thinking, that it was at least possible that in some things they might be mistaken. We fear that now, as then, such well-meant advice is not likely to be favorably received. Men of this stamp take their stand on truth. There are fixed facts, doctrines, laws; and from these they cannot swerve. Now, we do not question, for instance, the infallibility of the Divine Word—that certainly is beyond dispute; but are we not at liberty to question the infallibility of his interpreter? and are we not bound to ask as well as to give reasons for each interpretation? "Let truth and falsehood grapple," said Milton: "who ever knew truth put to the worst in an open encounter?" Really it seems as if some people were afraid, that truth might go to the wall if it dared to challenge all new comers. Man is responsible for his belief, and he must accept that responsibility with all that it implies.—*London Christian*.

Family Reading.

THERE IS NO DEATH.

There is no death! The stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore;
And bright in heaven's jeweled crown
They shine forever more.

There is no death! An angel form
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread,
And bears our best beloved away,
And then we call them "dead."

Born unto that undying life,
They leave us but to come again;
With joy we welcome them the same,
Except their sin and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread;
For all the boundless universe
Is Life—There is no Death.

—Bulwer Lytton.

PAULA AND JEROME.

A late number of the New York Tribune contains this interesting abstract of a lecture lately delivered at Chickering Hall by the Rev. Dr. John Lord:

Paula, said the lecturer, was an illustrious Roman lady of rank and wealth, especially with reference to her remarkable friendship for St. Jerome, in the latter part of the fourth century, when Christianity was the established religion of the crumbling empires of the Romans. If from her we do not date the first great change in the social relations of man with woman, she is at least the most memorable example that I can find of that exalted sentiment which Christianity called out in the intercourse of the sexes, and which has done more for the elevation of society than any other sentiment, next to religion itself. Female friendship must ever have adorned and cheered the world. It naturally springs from the depths of a woman's soul. However dark and dismal society may have been in ages of barbarism or superstitious, it is probable that glorious instances could be chronicled of the devotion of woman to man, and of man to woman, which was not intensified by the passion of love.

"I select Paula to show that friendship, the noblest quality of woman, was not common until Christianity had greatly modified the opinions and habits of society. Paula was a highly favored as well as a highly gifted woman, and was born A. D. 347, at Rome. She was a descendant of the Scipios and the Gracchi, and was married at seventeen to Tetricus, of the still more illustrious Julian family. She lived on Mount Aventine in great magnificence, and owned, it is said, a whole city in Italy. Until her husband died she was not distinguished from other Roman ladies of rank except for the splendor of her palace and the elegance of her life. She was first won by the virtues of the celebrated Marcella, and hastened to enroll herself with her five daughters as pupils of the learned woman. On her conversion she distributed to the poor the greater part of her immense income. She became a nurse of the sick; her piety could not escape the asceticism of the age. She lived on bread and a little oil, wasted her body with fastings, and dressed like a servant. Yet her palace was the resort of all who were famous: the woman was never lost in the saint. She spoke the Greek language as an English or Russian nobleman speaks French, or as a theological student, who knows anything, understands German. It was when Rome was the field of her charities that she fell under the influence of St. Jerome.

Jerome was a man of rank and fortune, like the more famous of the Fathers, but gave away his possessions to the poor. His accomplishments and his character made him the leading spirit at Rome. Learned, pious, courtly in his manners, eloquent in his teachings, independent and fearless in spirit, brilliant in conversation, he became a favorite in those high circles where rank was adorned by piety and culture. At the house of Paula he was like Whitefield with the Countess of Huntingdon, or Michael Angelo in the palace of Vittoria Colonna—a friend, a teacher and an oracle. The friendship which immortalized Paula and Jerome rarely exists except with equals. They spent their leisure hours together, read the same books and kindled at the same sentiments. Weary of the honors and excitements of the great city, Jerome embarked for the East in 385; and two years afterward Paula, with her daughter, joined him at Antioch, and they finally settled at Bethlehem, which Jerome had chosen as his final resting place. Here he performed his mighty literary labors. During the eighteen years which Paula passed in Bethlehem, and in the previous sixteen years at Rome, never did a scandal arise nor a base suspicion exist in reference to the friendship which has made her immortal. There was nothing in it of that Platonic sentimentality which masked the medieval courts of love, nor more

intellectual admiration. Paula died at fifty-seven. Jerome closed her eyes. The Church has ever since cherished her memory and has raised shrines and monuments in her honor. Jerome survived her fifteen years.

"We see in Paula's life that noble sentiment which was the first development in woman's progress from the time that Christianity snatched her from the pollutions of paganism. She is made capable of friendship for men without sullying her soul or giving occasion for reproach. Rare and difficult as this sentiment is, it is the choicest flower that a man finds in the path of his earthly pilgrimage. Woman may share with man the great prizes bestowed on genius and learning, but her nature cannot be half developed, her capacities half known even to herself, until she has learned to mingle with man in the free interchange of those sentiments which keep the soul alive and which stimulate the noblest powers. Then only does she realize her aesthetic mission. Then only can she rise to the dignity of a guardian angel, an educator of the heart. The true mission of woman is to administer the antidote to evil by which labor is made sweet, pain assuaged, courage fortified, truth made beautiful and duty made sacred. Woman made a great stride forward from the pollutions and slaveries of the ancient world when she proved herself capable of a pure and lofty friendship without becoming entangled in the snares of an earthly love. She will make a still greater stride when our cynical world shall comprehend that it is not for the gratification of passing vanity, of foolish pleasure or matrimonial ends that she extends her hand of generous courtesy to man, but that he may be aided by the strength she gives in weakness, encouraged by the smiles she bestows in sympathy, and enlightened by the wisdom she has gained by inspiration."

ROSES AMONG THE ROMANS.

Whatever the time of the year, the Roman must have a rose in his wreath. "The commonest union was violet, myrtle and rose." Stout old gentlemen who wished to drink unusually deep without feeling unpleasant consequences, wore double wreaths about their heads and necks, as preservatives. The generous rose, however, did something for the ladies also. When the renowned and not over-scrupulous Aspasia was a child, she had a wart on her face which defied nurses, doctors and caustic. The pretty child cried herself to sleep one night at the blot on her beauty; and lo! while she slumbered, she saw Venus's dove, and the dove told her to take some rose leaves from the statue of the goddess, and lay them to her neck. The girl did so, full of faith, and she became as perfect in beauty as in intellect, and helped Pericles to corrupt the morals of the Athenians with infinite elegance. That the rose might be so drugged as to poison the wine into which it was thrown, and with which it was often drunk when the toppers were at the height of their jollity, may be seen in Pliny; which passage many evil persons have read to infamous purpose, including Tawell, who thereby committed murder contrary to scientific evidence, but happily did not escape the gallows. In what is called the classical period, roses seem to have been employed on every occasion from birth to death, inclusive, and to have made a part in every ceremony, public or private, joyous or saddening.—*London Magazine.*

WORTH CULTIVATING.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

In looking over the columns of a secular paper that is somewhat celebrated for its answers to correspondents, I observed this bit of advice given to a distressed lover: "Cultivate common sense." It was brief, but sententious, and the very remedy adapted to suit the young man's case.—But to tell one who is evidently the possessor of but a small modicum of this "herb of grace" (if he has any at all) that he must cultivate it, and not tell him how to cultivate it, is to set a vial of medicine before the sick man with no directions for using.

There is no commodity of so much value in this world as common sense.

Common sense is back-bone, muscle, and sinew; it helps a man out of difficulties, bridges over unexpected chasms, prevents heavy mortgages upon time or trouble, and is the oil that removes friction, and calms the troubled waters of our lives. Common sense is phlegmatic, never likes to make itself ridiculous, and so takes thought. Folly flies, while common sense moves deliberately, and neither sings its own wings nor disturbs the comfort of other people.

Evil is wrought by want of thought, and the true instinct, the ripe judgment, the shrewd intellect, are the product of a brain and heart working in unison.

We speak of those who are gifted with common sense, and observe the difference even among children who have hardly begun to develop any one talent. We have seen little babies, even, who have been endowed with this special gift, and have a way of instructing their elders that is a decided proof of their wisdom. But all gifts are relative, and none of us can deny the possession of at least one talent. You can think, you ought to think. If you do a silly thing once, you need not repeat the offence; and if your judgment is called upon to decide a case, put what common sense you have in the scale, and let that be your ultimatum.

Cultivating means using, and improving. The maxims we put before children are helping to form their characters, and where seed-thoughts are abundantly sown there must be a crop of something better than husks and tares. I have a very vivid recollection of a little mug from which I used to drink when a child, which was embellished with pictures taken, doubtless, from the "Pilgrim's Progress." The pictures have faded somewhat from my memory, but I have never forgotten the legend that made the ornament around the upper edge:

Sloth and rust corrupt faster than labor wears,
But the used key is always bright,

and whatever industry I may possess, that is not inherited from my maternal grandmother, is largely due to the keynote of that couplet.

If it be but a grain of mustard seed, it will grow and flourish under proper care, and the fruit of it will be wholesome if not sweet to the taste.

Worth cultivating? Indeed it is.—*Advance.*

A FLOWER FOR THE DEAD.

You placed this flower in her hand, you said?
This pure, pale rose in her hand of clay?
Methinks could she lift her sealed eyes
They would meet your own with a griefed surprise!

She has been your wife for many a year,
When clouds hung low and when skies were clear;
At your feet she laid her life's glad spring,
And her summer's glorious blossoming.

Her whole heart went with the hand you won;
If its warm love waned as the years went on,
If it chilled in the grasp of an icy spell,
What was the reason? I pray you tell.

You can not? I can! and beside her bier
My soul must speak, and your soul must hear.
If she was not all that she might have been,
Hers was the fault—yours the sin!

Whose was the fault if she did not grow
Like a rose in the summer? Do you know?
Does a lily grow when its leaves are chilled?
Does it bloom when its root is winter-killed?

For a little while, when you first were wed,
Your love was like sunshine round her shed;
Then something crept between you two,
You led where she could not follow you.

With a man's firm tread you went and came;
You lived for wealth, for power, for fame;
Shut into her woman's works and ways,
She heard the nation chant your praise.

But ah! you had dropped her hand the while.
What time had you for a kiss, a smile?
You two, with the same roof overhead,
Were as far apart as the sundered dead.

You, in your manhood's strength and prime;
She—worn and faded before her time,
'Tis a common story. This rose, you say,
You laid in her pallid hand to-day?

When did you give her a flower before?
Ah, well! What matter, when all is o'er?
Yet stay a moment; you'll wed again.
I mean no reproach; 'tis the way of men.

But I pray you think, when some fairer face
Shines like a star from her wonted place,
That love will starve if it is not fed,
That true hearts pray for their daily bread.

—Sunday Afternoon for March.

CRUEL SPORT OF GIRLS.

Few persons who saw the bachelor President—James Buchanan—in the White House, and found it hard to repress a smile at his prim manner, jerking motions, and head set a little awry, knew that terrible tragedy had darkened his youth, and forced him into a life of hopeless solitude and unavailing regrets. The story has its moral, and as all the actors in the miserable drama are now dead, its recital may serve a useful purpose.

James Buchanan in his early manhood was deeply attached to a young lady of Lancaster, Pa., a sensitive, imaginative girl, who loved him sincerely in return. She was, however, of an exceedingly jealous disposition, and the young people of the village discovering this, took a mischievous delight in tormenting her. Some of the young girls, too, probably envious of the good-looking young lawyer's attentions, showed every inclination to draw him away from her into a flirtation with themselves. If, on his visits to Lancaster, he was induced to show them any attentions, they were eagerly misrepresented to her, with such coloring as to make her seriously doubt his affection for herself.

At last the mischievous girls, discovering that he was to arrive in the town on a certain evening, laid their plans to carry their torment of the jealous woman to its farthest limit. He passed the house of one of their number on his way from the hotel to her dwelling. It was a summer evening; the windows were open, and they beckoned him to come in. He stopped for a moment. The parlor soon filled with his friends. There was music, good humor, and gaiety. His betrothed, they told him, would arrive presently. The moments grew into hours. She did not come. He was annoyed and perplexed, but believed a word of explanation in the morning would set all right. In the meantime, the young woman sat waiting alone for him until midnight, when she was told he had spent the evening with her suspected rival.

"You should never see him again!" cried her angry informant.

"I never will," she said, quietly taking off the ornaments she had put on with so much care. The maddened girl went to her room, swallowed a narcotic, and when her lover came to the house next day, he found only her corpse.

It is probable that these thoughtless girls intended only a little fun and flirtation, but by their fun they accomplished the ruin of two lives.—*Youth's Companion.*

PROMPT DOING OF KIND DEEDS.

If all the errands of mercy and compassion, the messages of peace and reconciliation, the tokens of sympathy, or the pleasant offices of affection, that have been planned, but never executed, had been really carried into effect, we should probably hardly recognize our social condition, so much more of sympathetic union and solid happiness would it contain. Of most of us, indeed, it may be truly said, that our hearts are better than our lives, and that our intentions outstrip our performance. Among the various causes of this incongruity none is more potent than the habit of putting off the kind and pleasant things which we really wish to do until some future time. We do not here allude to the procrastination of acts of justice, such as the payment of debts, or the righting of serious wrongs. This wears upon its face too grave an aspect of condemnation to be commuted without twinges of self-reproach. But the rendering of kindness, sympathy and good-will, the extension of unsought favors, the service of love, the unlooked-for errand of mercy, or comfort, or good cheer, are among the offices that cannot be claimed of us, and that, therefore, we feel somewhat at liberty to do or to leave undone, according to our pleasure. Thus it comes to be an easy matter to postpone the kind action to a more convenient season, and, in many cases, it results in the entire abandonment of our benevolent intentions.

It is well, however, to distinguish clearly between what we owe to others and what they have a right to claim of us. The former comprises a far larger sphere than the latter. For, while every one has certain rights which he may justly demand, he can make no such claim for kindness, sympathy, forbearance or charity. If he enjoys these at all, it must be as free gifts, favors to be grateful for, but never to be required. Yet benevolence in its many branches is a duty which we cannot withhold from one another with impunity. Kindness is a debt which, though no one may demand, our own consciences must ever enforce. It is true that we should be just before we are generous, but this by no means diminishes the duty of generosity. Therefore it becomes a matter of serious inquiry whether we have any right to put off the kind or loving or merciful acts that our hearts suggest and our better natures plan. Very often such delay sweeps them away forever. The favorable opportunity passes and does not return. There are certain times when a hearty greeting, a word of cheer, a token of sympathy or a little friendly assistance are most valuable and life-giving, but let the moment slip by and they are needed no longer and lose all their virtue. How often has the help that might have saved the sick and suffering—the word of forgiveness or reconciliation that might have soothed a dying pillow—the love that might have blessed and prolonged a life—arrived too late to be of any avail! Then, too, the disposition that prompts the kindness may pass away. We desired earnestly to do it yesterday; to-day it seems indifferent; to-morrow we shall cease to think of it. There is but one moment fully in our hands, and that is the present. If we lose it, it is gone forever, and with it has flown the opportunity it brought. The next has its own mission, and cannot bear the burdens of the past. We must move quickly if we would keep ourselves fresh and bright for the labors of love that lie before us. They come in series, each link of which presents itself once and no more. If we do not seize it, it vanishes; another may rise in its place, but the one we have

dropped we can never restore. Life demands in all its phases prompt, decisive action, and in no respect more than in fulfilling our good intentions. To loiter in this is to fritter them away; to postpone them, is to banish them.

On the other hand, when the hands and feet hasten to obey the dictates of the heart, when generous impulse is quickly followed by generous action, when to plan a kind act is to perform it, and to think a comforting word is to utter it—then is benevolence performing her double work. She is blessing both giver and receiver—the one with a larger heart, more earnest desires, more generous impulses; the other by the very present help or affection, or sympathy, of which he stands in immediate need. For directly we act out a desire, we strengthen it. By the blossoming of generous deeds is generosity cultivated. The more we do for others, the more we wish to do; the more sympathy we extend, the more sympathy we feel. On every ground, then, let us hasten to fulfill each good intention, to put into action each kind desire. If there is suffering that we can relieve, let us not prolong it a moment; if we have welcome news, let us carry it quickly; if our presence can bring gladness to any sorrowing heart, strength to any feeble spirit, courage to any who are desponding, sympathy to any who are lonely, let us go swiftly. If our homes need more cheer, let us hasten to brighten them; if we owe a debt of gratitude, let us speed the payment. Whatever of kind or generous intent rises up within us, let us hasten to give it shape and form in outward act; it will then carry with it the warm and living glow of the heart from which it springs, and bear a double blessing to those who receive it.—*Ledger.*

Useful Hints and Recipes.

TO BAKE EGGS.—Butter a clean, smooth saucepan, break as many eggs as will be needed into a saucer, one by one. If found good, slip it into the dish. No broken yolk allowed, nor must they crowd so as to risk breaking the yolk after put in. Put a small piece of butter on each, and sprinkle with pepper and salt, set into a well heated oven, and bake till the whites are set. If the oven is rightly heated it will take but a few minutes, and is far more delicate than fried eggs.

APPLE TOAST.—Peel six apples, core them and cut them into thin slices. Put in a saucepan an ounce of fresh butter; then throw over the apples a little pulverized white sugar; add two tablespoonfuls of water. Put the saucepan on the fire; let the fruit stew quickly, tossing it up with a spoon—a few minutes will be sufficient. When the apples are cooked tender, cut two or three slices of bread half an inch thick; put in a frying-pan two ounces of butter; put the pan on the fire; when the butter is melted, put in the bread, which fry of a nice brown color; when nice and crisp, take them out and place them on a dish, placing white sugar over the apples about an inch thick. Serve while hot.

THE RIGHT WAY TO BRUSH VELVET.—The art of removing lint, dust and light matters adhering to velvet consists in the proper mode of managing the brush. Take a hat-brush (not too soft, but having the bristles elastic, and returning at once to their original state after being pressed aside), hold it firmly under the palm of the hand, in the direction of the arm, and with the bristles downward, and pressing them first gently into the substance of the velvet, then twist around the arm, hand and brush all together, as on an axis, without moving them forward or backward. The foreign matters will thus be drawn up, and flung out of the flock without injury to the substance of the velvet, and the brush must be lifted up and placed in a similar manner over every part required to be brushed. By this means velvet will be improved instead of deteriorated, and will last for years.

HOW TO POUR TEA.—The House-keeper says: There is more to be learned about pouring out tea and coffee than most ladies are willing to believe. If these decoctions are made at the table, which is by far the best way, they require experience, judgment and exactness; if they are brought on the table ready made, it still requires judgment so to apportion them that they shall prove sufficient in quantity for the family party, and that the elder members shall have the stronger cups. Often persons pour out tea who, not being at all aware that the first cup is the weakest, and that the tea grows stronger as you proceed, bestow the poorest cup upon the greatest stranger and give the strongest to the very youngest member of the family, who would have been better without any. Where several cups of equal strength are wanted, you should pour a little into each, and then go back, inverting the order as you fill them up, and then the strength will be apportioned properly.

Miscellaneous.

THE MASTER OF THE KEYS.

BY REV. JAS. A. MECHLIN.

First and last, beginning, end;
Born of woman, crowned the Son;
Life of life and death of death;
Bringing in the day of days;
Mighty, loving, glorious One;
Prince of peace and Lamb of wrath,
Christ is Master of the Keys.

Son of sorrow, slave of sin;
Sport of demons, lost from God;
Burden-weighted, treasuring dust;
Resting under mirage trees,
Losing heart with ebbing blood;
At the gates man finds in trust,
Jesus, Master of the Keys.

Gates so stern, and high, and strong,
Swing wide open at His bid—
Home so welcome, safe and still!
Couch so sweet for slumberous ease;
Here the God-man laid His head
In obedience to Love's will,
Jesus, Master of the Keys.

Here His dear ones short time rest;
O'er them beams His sleepless eye;
Round them twine Almighty arms.
He will wake them when He please—
Burst the bars and climb the sky,
With them clothed in fadless charms,
Jesus, Master of the Keys.

—Christian Observer.

THE NEW MUSEUM IN ROME.

The spot on the Capitoline Hill, once occupied by the famous temple of Jupiter, is now the site of the most interesting museum in Rome. This is a monument of the care of the city in archaeological research, all of the statues, bronzes, jewels, gems, ancient glassware and objects of terra cotta having been found in the soil since 1870, that memorable epoch when the Eternal City became in fact, as it had long been in dreams and in ardent desire, the capital of Italy.

The New Museum consists of eight rooms in the palace of the Conservators, on the right of the Piazza of the Campidoglio. The beautiful Capitoline Hill is not less the pride of the city now than it was in ancient times, when it was crowned by the splendid temples whose foundations still remain there. The ascent is made by an inclined plane with curb stones the width of the street, commonly called in Rome a "cordona." On either side of this are lovely gardens, in one of which, on the left, is kept a wolf, the typical animal of the city. Colossal statues and other relics gathered from the ruins of the ancient city are ranged at the summit, and the remaining three sides of the square Piazza are occupied by palaces designed by Michel Angelo. The colossal bronze equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius ornaments the centre of the Piazza, and the palaces on the right and left contain museums. Doubtless the so-called Capitoline Museum on the left, begun long ago by Pope Clement XII., is the more valuable collection. Its "Dying Gladiator," its green basalt "Boy Hercules," its red antique "Dancing Faun," and its "Venus," are known for their beauty all over the world. But to the Roman citizen, or the stranger domiciled in Rome, the New Museum is more attractive than either the Capitoline, the Vatican, or the Lateran collections. It has the charm of novelty, and is constantly receiving additions from excavations. "This is the work of New Italy," they say, "made within the last eight years. It is the fruit of our fatigues, of our enterprise, and is not due to any pope long time dead."

The New Museum represents many wide, new streets, laid out and planted with young trees, on the old Esquiline Hill; many vast fabrics risen, as if by enchantment, in the air, to be inhabited by a new population. It is, in fact, the exponent of the new city which has been added to Rome on the heights between Santa Maria Maggiore and San Giovanni in Laterano within the last few years. The "new quarter" grows like a wild vine from one day to another. Like a new Proteus, it constantly changes its aspect. It is a city, smiling, airy, with a wide view of the rolling Campagna and of the distant blue Alban Hills. If convenient modes of locomotion were established, few of the Romans would hesitate to exchange the narrow streets of the old city, the high walls, the hidden gardens sending out fragrance from invisible flowers, for the light and air and open view of the new section. It is a bit of modern life so different from the old city that the Roman loves it as the expression in visible form of the new and liberal government. When excavations are being made for the foundations of houses, for the leveling of squares or streets, for the laying of tubes or other substructions, the evening walk of the Romans is to that locality. They watch the laborer's pickaxe with absorbing interest, and if fortune is propitious and yields a statue, an *anforsa*, a wall, a vase, the excitement becomes intense, and the

crowd of amateur archaeologists is increased to great proportions. The New Museum, therefore, is the favorite child of the Romans. They have nourished it and brought it up. It is the joy of the past and the present, and the emblem of hope for the future. The "Infant Hercules" leaning upon his club, smiles upon them as they enter, and holds out to them the three golden apples of the Hesperides. The "Commodus," with its exquisite finish and elaborate ornamentation, a serpent-like and fatal beauty, makes them appreciate the liberty of the present, and rejoice that such tyrants no longer oppress them. And the Muses, the Tritons, the vases and fountains discovered on the site of the imperial gardens and that of Mæcenæ on the Esquiline, remind them that that desert will now again blossom like the rose, not alone for the rich and powerful but with delights for all.—*Scribner for May.*

SHAVING THE BEARD.

The custom of shaving the beard was enforced by Alexander of Macedon, not for the sake of fashion, but for a practical end. He knew that the soldiers of India, when they encountered their foes, had the habit of grasping them by the beard, and so he ordered his soldiers to shave. Afterwards shaving was practiced in the Macedonian army, and then among Greek citizens. The Romans imitated the Greeks in the practice, as they did in many other things, and spread it to the different European nations yet barbaric. In the Middle Ages, at the time of the Renaissance, shaving was introduced, and the habit was retained, though classicism gave place to romanticism, and that, in its turn, was replaced by realism. The beard was a source of trouble to Peter the Great, who, simultaneously with the introduction of his great reforms in Russia, tried to induce his people to imitate the shaving nations. This innovation was resisted by his subjects with the utmost persistence, and they preferred to pay a heavy fine rather than suffer disfigurement, as they believe, of the image of God. To the Russians of olden times the beard was a symbol of liberty. In several countries of Western Europe and in the United States the beard was restored to honor only about twenty years ago, but even yet the majority of men respect the custom introduced by Alexander the Great.

CARMELITE NUNS AT MONTREAL.

There has been a little Carmelite colony in our ancient suburb for several years, but no one has heard much of them. These nuns are subjected to the severest discipline of all the orders. They wear but one garment summer and winter, a coarse serge gown reaching to the feet, with a hood almost completely covering the face. Their feet are shod with sandals, and they are not permitted to wear hosiery. As a special favor they have been allowed, in our severe winters, to wrap pieces of serge around their feet and ankles. They never touch meat, poultry, fish, butter or eggs, and eat only one meal a day of bread and boiled vegetables. Their couches are bare planks with a square block of wood for a pillow, and they sleep without other covering than their daily dress. Their doors are jealously closed even to women, the priest or the doctor. They pass their lives in silence, even prayers being said in an undertone. Such acceptance of the vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience has proved a regimen too severe for the constitution of the ladies, and several of them have died. Others are at the point of death, yet the lady superior and the nuns themselves steadily refuse to make any change in the method of living, declaring all is in God's hands.—*Montreal Letter to Detroit News.*

A BIT OF FRENCH HISTORY RECALLED.

The recent destruction of some very old houses has revealed the existence of two palaces—just think of two palaces forgotten—of very great architectural and historical interest. Antiquarians discredit the tradition which asserts the better preserved of the two was the palace of Queen Blanche of Castile, mother of St. Louis. They say it was the palace of her grand daughter, Blanche of France, daughter of St. Louis and Marguerite of Provence, born at Taffa, and who, after the death of her husband (an Infanta of Castile), returned to France and lived and died (1370) in this palace. When I tell you this palace is a great deal larger and is as perfectly preserved as Hotel de Clugny, you will be astonished that it should have been forgotten. It is a marvel of architecture. Each door, window, staircase, turret and cellar (all of which latter are three stories deep) is a gem of art. Antiquarians admit that the ruins of the adjacent palace were indeed the

palace of Queen Blanche of Castile, mother of St. Louis, which was her residence in 1248, and long continued to be the royal residence. It was here that the terrible calamity of the ball given January 30, 1393, occurred, and which is mentioned by all French historians. The ball was given by Isabeau of Bavaria. She was the wife of Charles VI and the mistress of the Duke of Orleans, her husband's brother. It was a masked and fancy ball. The king and all his most intimate friends determined to attend the ball disguised as Satyrs. They made themselves up by linen costumes, covered with tow and glued to the linen by rosin. As they entered the ball room curiosity ran to a very high pitch to find out who they were. Nobody was more inquisitive (may be jealousy, too, fevered him) than the Duke of Orleans. He seized a candle and held it up to the King's face. Some say he held it too near; others that a spark fell from the candle on the tow. In an instant the King and his companions were ablaze. The Duchess de Berry threw her mantle on the King and extinguished the flames. His Majesty's companions were not so fortunate; not one of them escaped death, after lingering hours in excruciating torture. His companions were Count de Toligny, Rubin (a bastard son of Gaston Phœbus), a son of Count de Valentinois, Count de Foix, De Nantouillet and De Gusay.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

RECORD OF ATTEMPTS UPON THE LIVES OF RULERS AND THE NOBILITY.

The following is a list of the attempts on the lives of royal personages and rulers during the last thirty years:—

The Duke of Modena, attacked in 1848; the Crown Prince of Prussia (now Emperor William), at Minden, in June, 1848; the late King of Prussia, in 1852; Queen Victoria (by an lieutenant), in 1852; an infernal machine discovered at Marseilles on Napoleon III's visit in 1852; Emperor of Austria, slightly wounded by Libenyez (a Hungarian) in 1853; attack on King Victor Emmanuel, in 1853; on Napoleon III., opposite the Opera Comique, in 1853; Duke of Parma mortally stabbed in 1854; Napoleon III. fired at by Pianori in the Champs Elysees in 1855; attack on Queen Isabella of Spain, by Fuentes, in 1856; King Ferdinand of Naples, at Capri, by Milano, in 1858; the Orsini plot against Napoleon III. in 1858; King of Prussia twice fired at, but not hit, by the student Beker, at Baden, in 1861; Queen of Greece shot at by the student, Brusios, in 1862; another conspiracy against Napoleon III. by three Italians in 1862; President Lincoln assassinated in 1865; the Czar attacked at St. Petersburg in 1866 and in Paris in 1867; Prince Michel, of Serbia, assassinated in 1868; attempt on the Viceroy of Egypt in 1868; assassination of General Prim in Madrid in 1870; attempt on Senor Zorilla, Spanish Minister of Public Works, in 1870; assassination of Lord Mayo, Governor General of India, in 1872; attempts upon the Mikado of Japan in 1872; attempt on King Amadeus of Spain in 1872; General Melgarijo, Dictator of Bolivia, 1871; President Balta, of Peru, in 1872; attempt upon the life of the Emperor of Germany while visiting St. Petersburg, 1873; attempt upon President Pardo, of Peru, in 1874; President of Ecuador in 1875; President Gill, of Paraguay, in 1877; attempts of Hödel and Nöbeling upon the life of the Emperor of Germany, 1878; King of Spain, October 24, 1878; King of Italy, November 15, 1878, and the assassination of Prince Krapotkine, Governor of Kharkoff, Russia, March, 1879.

Selections.

The greatness of most men, like objects seen through a mist, diminish with the distance.—*Dr. Mason.*

Affliction is the divine school of virtue; it corrects levity, improves the conscience of sinning, and softens and purifies the heart.—*Atterbury.*

Better to carry away a little of the life of God in our souls, than if we were able to repeat every word of every sermon we have heard.—*De Sales.*

It is, after all, the person who stakes the least who loses most. In the affections this is wholly true. He who risks nothing loses everything.—*Simms.*

Two things are to be remembered in all our efforts to improve the condition of the world. First, that we can only do a very little; second, that it is important to do that little.

Only those hearts and homes where a true faith in Christ brings peace and purity, are safe from the destroying influences of political, social, financial, and secret sin.—*Zion's Herald.*

By myself I can live and thrive, but in the society of incompatible friends I starve. To cultivate their society is to cherish a sore which can only be healed by abandoning them.—*Thoreau.*

It was the remark of a shrewd observer in a country village, that if the wisest farmer in the county had the management of the weather, not half a crop would be made.—*Christian Observer.*

Better fail a thousand times, and fail in everything else, than attempt to shape for yourself a life without God, without hope in Christ, and without an interest in heaven.—*Seiss.*

I believe that the want of our age is not more "free" handling of the Bible, but more "reverent" handling, more humility, more patient study, and more prayer.—*Rev. J. C. Rye.*

The man who threatens the world is always ridiculous; for the world can easily go on without him, and, in a short time, will cease to miss him.—*Beauties of Johnson.*

Christian faith is a grand cathedral with divinely pictured windows—Standing without, you see no glory, nor can possibly imagine any; standing within, every ray of light reveals a harmony of unspeakable splendors.

Science and Art.

The picture of "Milton and his Daughters," by the Hungarian painter, Muncacsy, which made the great sensation of the Paris Exhibition, and which was purchased for the Lenox Library in New York, is to be exhibited in London before being sent over here. It has been shown at Vienna, and is now in Berlin.

Fawcett has recorded a curious experiment on the resonance of flames. A tuning-fork struck upon the table, and then held till its sound was inaudible, was placed in the tip of a flame of a Bunsen burner. The sound came out again loud enough to be heard at some distance. Sir William Thompson explains this by supposing that the flame acts as a resonator, owing to the difference in the density of the gases which it contains.

Insects furnish many remarkable examples of analogy between their actions and those devised by intelligent industry. The water gnats, for instance, to keep their eggs afloat in an upright position, so that the tops may be exposed to the air and sun, glue them together side by side, in the form of a boat that cannot be sunk. Its larva becomes a pupa or chrysalis, from which bursts the gnat, and, until it can fly, it makes use of the old pupa skin as a boat. The notonecta, or water-boatman, turning on its back, converts its own body into a boat, and rows with its long hind pair of legs exactly as with a pair of oars.

SELF-DEFENCE AMONG PLANTS.—In a recent lecture Mr. Francis Darwin gave some curious instances of the way plants are protected from insects and other dangers. Opium, strychnine and belladonna, he said, three of the most deadly poisons, were all formed by plants as a means of defence to preserve them from cattle, etc. A curious use was made of this poisonous property, as recorded by Livingstone, who states that at one place in South Africa the natives were in the habit of catching their zebras by masking up some poisonous plant in their drinking places. Poppies are protected by a good example of the way in which poison was limited to the part of the plant where it was needed. Almonds were also protected by poison, cultivators generally sowing the bitter kind, as the sweet kind was eaten by mice. Other plants were protected, not by poisons, but by some aromatic substance. The fennel, anise and caraway seeds were examples of this, which were not eaten by the birds on that account. The lime, which was protected by this aroma, was able to grow wild and hold its own anywhere, whereas the orange, the citron and the olive required to be carefully preserved and watched. The mint was another example of a plant protected against cattle by this aromatic principle. Flowers are often more aromatic than the leaves of the plant on which they grow, and owe to this principle their safety from attack, and caterpillars will even starve to death sooner than eat the flower of a plant, the leaves of which they readily devour. Water plants are unprotected, for the reason that water was protection enough. The most peculiar protection perhaps was that enjoyed by the common lettuce, which, when pricked, even by an ant's foot, squirted up a sticky juice, and enveloped the intruder, who, biting the leaf from vexation, drew down upon himself a fresh shower of cabbage wrath, in which the unfortunate ant was drowned.

Personal.

The German Empire Augusta has offered a prize for the best treatise on diphtheria that shall be published within a year.

The Rev. W. H. Murray is organizing a company, with a capital of \$250,000, to manufacture his patent buckboard wagons.

Mr. A. H. Stevens cannot yet use his pen, but declares that his health is better than it was last Spring.

The wife of Père Hyacinthe is translating the work on "The Union of Churches," which was written by Dr. Dollinger, the Old Catholic leader.

Princess Christiana, the daughter of the Duke de Montpensier, died the quietest and gentlest of deaths. She was thoroughly resigned, and spent her last moments in comforting her father and mother.

Mrs. Sarah Josepha Buell Hale, who for a half century was the editress of *Godey's Lady's Book*, died on the 30th ult., at the residence of her son-in-law, Dr. L. B. Hunter, No. 1413 Locust street, in the 91st year of her age.

Longfellow has an inkstand which used to belong to Coleridge, and a pen made from the iron fetters of Bouvard, the prisoner of Chillon. The socket is made of gold set with three rare gems, and the handle is a piece of oak from the old frigate "Constitution."

Dr. Alexander Mackay, of England, who writes the letters L. L. D. and F. R. G. S. after his name, has written a book on geography, of which some 106,000 copies are in circulation. Among other mistakes in this book we find that Albany is "advantageously situated for foreign commerce and inland trade," and that "its university is the principal educational establishment in the United States."

The late Bishop Ames is characterized by *The Christian Advocate* as "the great Methodist statesman of the last half century." It was as a statesman that he rendered his most valuable services to the Church, and displayed the greatest ability. He had large resources, and seemed always ready for an emergency. His personal appearance was imposing, and his character gave to it an air of majesty. "He had not a feature, from his massive brow or searching eye to his dominating nose, stiff upper lip, resolute mouth, or massive chin, that did not bespeak and become a natural gift of men. His hat, worn squarely on his head, as if put on to stay; his caped overcoat, giving his form all the advantage of his size and grace, and his hands, easily clasped in front, made up a picture not soon to be forgotten by this generation of Methodists."

Books and Periodicals.

ANGLO-AMERICAN BIBLE REVISION: By Members of the American Revision Committee. Published by the American Sunday School Union, 1122 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. 1879. 12mo, pp. 192. 75 cents net.

It is generally known among English-speaking people that large bodies of eminent scholars in Great Britain and America, are engaged in the preparation of a revision of the Authorized (that is the common) Version of the Bible; but comparatively few know the reasons for this revision. These reasons and a great deal of valuable collateral information it is the object of this volume to furnish. At the instance of the Editor of the Periodicals published by the American Sunday School Union, Rev. Edwin W. Rice, a number of the American Revisers were invited to inform the public through the columns of the "Sunday-School World;" other articles were added, and we now have contained in this volume the following treatises:—

I. Introductory Statement, by Rev. Dr. Philip Schaff; II. The Authorized Version and English Versions on which it is Based, by Rev. Dr. Charles P. Krauth; III. The English Bible as a Classic, by Rev. Dr. T. W. Chambers; IV. Reasons for a New Revision, by Rev. T. C. Woolsey; V. The Current Version and Present Needs, by Rev. Dr. G. Emlen Hare; VI. The Hebrew Text of the Old Testament, by Rev. Dr. Howard Osgood; VII. Hebrew Philology and Biblical Science, by Rev. Dr. W. Henry Green; VIII. Helps for Translating the Hebrew Scriptures at the Time the Ancient Version was made, by Rev. Dr. George E. Day; IX. Inaccuracies of the Authorized Version of the Old Testament, by Rev. Dr. J. Packard; X. The New Testament Text, by Rev. Dr. Ezra Abbot; XI. Inaccuracies of the Authorized Version in Respect of Grammar and Exegesis, by Rev. Dr. A. C. Kendrick; XII. True Conservatism in Respect to Changes in the English and Greek Texts, by Rev. Dr. T. Dwight; XIII. The Greek Verb in the New Testament, by Rev. Dr. M. B. Riddle; XIV. Unwarranted Verbal Differences and Agreements in the English Version, by Rev. Dr. J. Henry Thayer; XV. Archaisms: or, Obsolete and Unusual Words and Phrases in the English Bible, by Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby; XVI. The Proper Names of the Bible, by Rev. Dr. C. A. Aiken; XVII. The Use of Italics in the English Bible, by President Thomas Chace; XVIII. Paragraphs, Chapters, and Verses of the Bible, by Rev. Dr. James Strong; XIX. Revision of the Scriptures and Church Authority, by Bishop Alfred Lee. Also, General Index and Index of Texts, by S. Austin Allibone. Apart from its immediate object the book will be a permanent value as a body of Biblical criticism, and of commentary on many texts of Scripture.

LIGHT IN DARK PLACES; or How the Camps Lived in their Poverty. By Henry S. Drayton. With Illustrations. 16mo, pp. 280. Cloth. Price \$1.25.

Published under the marks of a definite object, and which is creditable to the author, and to be commended heartily to the reading public. In the course of a story in itself very attractive to old and young, points of practical value are brought out; suggestions here and there occurring incidentally touching food, clothing, the moral and intellectual training of the young, and the economies of private and social life. The aim of the writer evidently is to illustrate by a series of pen pictures how a family in circumstances which the world deems needy, and even indigent, may secure a modicum of comfort for itself, actually experience much real enjoyment, and be instrumental in conferring solid benefits on those around it. A striking feature of the book is its naturalness. Nowhere is there any attempt to exaggerate; the incidents are such as might occur daily in any of our large cities, but these incidents are invested with a graphic plainness and moral effect which give them an air of freshness.

On this account the reader is agreeably impressed at the very beginning, and he finds his interest in the story to grow rapidly as he proceeds. The defect of the book is, that it does not sufficiently recognize positive Christianity as an essential element of true success in life.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE for the week ending May 10th, 1879. Contents: Cobbett, *Cornhill Magazine*; The Bride's Pass, *Advance Sheets*; Biography, Travel and Sport, *Blackwood's Magazine*; Sarah de Berenger, Part III., *Advance Sheets*; Residual Phenomena, *Fraser's Magazine*; Science and Faith, *Spectator*; Uphill Work, *Saturday Review*; Sir A. Panizzi, *Spectator*. Poetry—In Memoriam; Thanksgiving. Miscellany. Published by Littell & Co., Boston.

THE PENN MONTHLY for May, 1879.—Contents: The Month; The English Methods of Legislation Compared with the American, by Simon Sterne; Repudiation: Past, Present and Future, II., by Henry C. Carey; Church and Theatre, by John Dyer; Bismarck and His Boswell; To Lydia (*Horace*, Book I., Ode VIII.); New Books; Books Received. The above table of contents will arrest the attention of those interested in the subjects brought under discussion. The review of The Month by Professor Thompson, is always instructive. Simon Sterne wields a trenchant pen, and his well-written article will be found to be suggestive. Henry C. Carey should always have a hearing. The other papers discuss living issues, and are valuable contributions. Published for the Penn Monthly Association by Edward Sterne & Co., Nos. 125 & 127 North Seventh Street, Philadelphia.

THE PREACHER AND HOMILETIC MONTHLY for May, 1879. Contents: Sermon—Immortality in the Old and New Testaments, by C. H. Hall, D. D.; The Desire for the Better Country, by R. S. Storrs, D. D.; Witnessing for the Truth—The Overthrow of the Papacy, by Justin D. Fulton, D. D.; None of Us Liveth unto Himself, by Matthew Simpson, D. D.; Bishop M. E. Church; The Guileless Man, by William Ives Budington, D. D.; The Baptism of the Holy Ghost, by Rev. J. Hyatt Smith; A Palm Sunday Discourse, by Morgan Dix, D. D.; The Rainbow Round the Throne, by Rev. William Whittaker. To Clergymen—Man's Power with God, by Henry Ward Beecher; Bible Revision, by Philip Schaff, D. D.; The Art of Preaching, by Edwin Dorr Griffin, D. D. Funeral Service—A Standfast Man, by Rev. Prof. E. P. Tawing. Easter Service—Christ's Resurrection the Promise and Prophecy of our Own, by T. De Witt Talmage, D. D. Children's Service—Samson in Prison, by Rev. A. M. C. Aulane, D. D. The English Pulpit—Zeal in the Cause of Christ, by Rev. W. M. Puncheon, LL. D. A Communion Service—Remembering Christ, by William Lamson, D. D. An Aspiration of Piety, by D. Thomas, D. D. The International S. S. Lessons—Homilectically considered, by Rev. D. C. Hughes. Expository Preaching, No. 3, William M. Taylor, D. D.; Voice Culture, by Prof. E. P. Tawing. The Prayer-Meeting Service, by Rev. Lewis O. Thompson; Sermonic Criticism, by R. S. Storrs, D. D.; Preachers Exchanging Views; How Dr. Duran Helps Himself in Extremepore Discourses; Hints at the Meaning of Texts; Christian Culture; Funeral Service; Queries and Answers; Helpful Data in Current Literature; Themes and Texts of Leading Sermons Preached During the Month; Suggestive Themes. New York: The Religious Newspaper Agency, 21 and 23 Barlay Street. Per year, \$2.50; Single number, 25 cts.

The Messenger.

REV. P. S. DAVIS, D. D., EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

Rev. S. R. FISHER, D. D.,
Rev. T. J. BARKLEY,
Rev. A. R. KREMER, } Synodical Editors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. Communications on practical subjects and items of intelligence relating to the Church, are solicited. Persons who forward communications should not write anything pertaining to the business of the office on the back of their communications, but on a separate slip—or, if on the same sheet, in such a way, that it can be separated from the communication, without affecting it.

☞ We do not hold ourselves responsible for the return of unaccepted manuscripts.

For Terms, see First page.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 14, 1879.

THE PROTESTANT ELEMENT IN HISTORY.

That is a poor conception of history which reduces it to a mere skeleton of facts and dates, and then asks whether the bones can live. The unfolding of the life of our humanity in time shows something vastly more significant than that. Facts are evolved by processes, and dates are important only as they mark events.

Every one gifted with a moderate ability for observation and thought, must note the forces and factors that enter into the annals of the human race. We must often weigh the names of men, not count them, and recognize elements that exercise such a leavening and controlling influence as to affect the whole mass. Neander says "that the three great historical nations had to contribute, each in its own peculiar way, to prepare the soil for the planting of Christianity—the Jews on the side of the religious element; the Greeks on the side of science and art; the Romans, as masters of the world, on the side of the political element. When the fullness of time had arrived, and Christ appeared—when the goal of history had thus been reached—then it was, that through Him, and by the power of the Spirit that proceeded from Him—the might of Christianity—all the threads, hitherto separated, of human development, were to be brought together and interwoven in one web."

During the Old Testament dispensation, the Jewish nation, independent of the Divine revelation and guidance, was insignificant compared with the great empires of the East. This was according to God's design, showing that He had elected them as a people, and that the stream of their history would have been lost in the surging ocean, but for Him. Yet with all its vicissitudes its identity was preserved, and through it the Redeemer of the world was given.

Christianity, too, seemed to be weak when compared with the Greek learning and Roman life, with which it had to contend. Yet it contained the Divine factor which overcame everything else, laying the sceptre of the Cæsars at the foot of the cross, and transforming the wild hordes of the north into gentle, loving disciples of Jesus.

It is by going out into the fields of history and looking around, that we can see what Christianity has done, and it is in the light of this history that we can tell in what direction the true current has flowed; for the stream, though apparently hidden, has indicated its course by the brighter green above. The superiority of the Western Civilization over that of the East, in the old world, is due, by common concession, to the truth just indicated. Rome points not only to the Mongolian and Tartaric tribes of Asia, but also to Russia, with its Greek Church, and claims that the advance of European civilization is to be accounted for by the fact, that the true life of the Church extended itself toward the west. That is all very well, but the same observation will show us where that same life of Christianity has displayed its power since the Reformation of the XVI century. There is strong proof of the necessity of that epoch-making event, in the way the dead wood on the tree of the Church has been left to decay, while the new branches, with their freshness and fruits, have cheered and helped the world. Take the nations in which the Romish faith alone has prevailed; look at Spain, and Mexico, and South America, and even Italy, and see if they are better than the countries that adhered to

the Patriarchate of Constantinople. With all its age and tremendous organization, Romanism, detached, so that it could not draw from the warm blood of Protestantism, has not elevated men. The most intelligent and tolerable Romanism is found in Protestant countries like our own; the most ignorant and insufferable expression of it is seen right under the shadow of St. Peter's. There, dried-up tradition, and blind submission to authority are seeking to hold their sway, but showing themselves unequal to the task of suppressing volcanoes. In Italy, and Gallic-Austria, Nihilism is as bad as it is in the domains of the Czar, and Leo XII. sees no cure for it, but in bringing men back to the subjugation of ante-reformation times, and hoping to make this fit upon the nineteenth century. He is trying to solve the whole educational problem by ignoring it. But the finger on the dial will not go backward, and any attempt to force things must prove disastrous.

In this state of things the Protestant movement in the Papal States is very significant. The mere number of missions may, as we have said before, seem small, and the instrumentalities weak as they have often appeared to be, but they have increased during the last few years almost in a geometrical ratio, and the issues raised, are different from what they ever were before. In France, five out of the nine members of M. Grevy's Cabinet are Protestants. M. Waddington, the premier, is a decided Christian—the first who has occupied the position since Guizot. Things move very rapidly, now. There may be dreadful conflicts, and an immense responsibility will rest upon those who renouncing superstition, and science falsely so called, still profess to hold the faith once delivered to the saints.

A STRANGE CASE OF FANATICISM.

The secular papers for the last week have been filled with accounts of murders and trials for murder, but none of them seems more abhorrent than the one committed at Pocasset, Mass., by a man named Freeman, who killed his young daughter under the delusion that she would come to life again, as proof that he was acting under divine guidance. The horror of the affair is increased by the fact that the community to which Freeman belongs, is a sect of Adventists who shared in his fanaticism and regard the deed as a religious act. A man named A. P. Davis said the resurrection of the murdered child did not take place because the sacrifice was not complete, and spoke of killing his own child in order to make a more perfect test. The parties have been arrested, and seem to be greatly disturbed by the failure of their experiment. History is full of instances in which men have been guilty of foul crimes under the plea of doing God service, but it was hoped that this was almost impossible in our age and country.

NEW YORK SOCIETY FOR THE SUPPRESSION OF VICE.

The fifth annual report of this society has been on our table for two weeks, but want of room has prevented us from noticing it. The society, as we have had occasion to state before, has for its object the enforcement of the laws for the suppression of the trade in and circulation of obscene literature through the United States mails. During the past year it has had many difficulties to contend with, not only from the Ingersoll men and dealers in licentious books, who made a desperate effort to have the law repealed, but also in having the indictments in some of the courts brought to trial, and in preventing executive clemency when persons have been convicted. Besides this, efforts have been made to injure the society, by creating the impression that false means have been taken to detect crime, whereas, the only plan adopted has been to respond to advertisements, and get specimens of the wares offered for sale. The officers of the society, are men of the highest social position in New York, and their Christian character is a guarantee that what is said even against their mode of doing things, is false.

During the past year 2,100 pounds of bound matter, 465 obscene pictures, 1,005,172 obscene circulars and songs, and 300,000 names and post-office addresses have been seized. During the five years of the society's operations 23,250 pounds of this vile stuff have been confiscated. The details of the tabular statement are appalling.

We take the following extracts from the report to show the extent to which this nefarious traffic has been carried on, and to whom the poisonous matter has been sent: "A man at Rochester was arrested in November for mailing and selling unlawful articles. It required six trucks and express wagons to carry to the station house the matter seized, consisting of about 100,000 pamphlets and 1,000,000 circulars. If we are to believe the District Attorney of Rochester, the printing of these pamphlets cost but \$600, while the retail price was fifty cents each—that is—if all were sold would realize \$50,000. (The enormous profit of this illicit business is irresistible to unprincipled men.) One firm had printed 3,055,600 circulars for this man and they were being scattered broadcast; yet no one in Rochester seemed to be aware of their existence until after his arrest."

The report further says, "During the year, nearly three thousand letters of warnings, accompanied by the last Annual Report, have been sent to as many institutions of learning. This has resulted in many instances, as we have been advised, in preventing the names and residences of students from being printed in the catalogues of these institutions."

"In one school, in a neighboring city, our agent found over one-third of a department of forty girls under sixteen years of age, of good families, who either had in possession, or had recently had, the most obscene matter in their hands."

"In another school of about 100 boys, sixteen of the number had been supplied with obscene pictures and printed matter, which they had given away or sold to other boys."

"Our agent has found during the past year, in twenty-three different institutions of learning, the foulest matter in possession of students. If the principals of schools were more watchful, and would co-operate more cordially with this society, a very much greater amount of good would follow such action. In almost every instance where this obscene matter has been discovered, parents and teachers have been alike ignorant of its existence, and were often incredulous until they had seen the stock seized."

All this speaks for itself. We feel bound to sound the warning, and leave parents and teachers judge of the danger to be apprehended.

THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, LANCASTER, PA.

The annual session in this institution closed during the past week. The Board of Visitors, nine out of twelve members being present, met on Tuesday evening. On Wednesday and Thursday, the usual examinations were held in their presence, which were thorough and satisfactory. Twenty-four students have been connected with the institution during the year, all of whom were present at the examination. The Graduating Class consisted of seven members, all of whom were awarded the usual certificate of dismissal and recommendation for licensure.

The annual commencement exercises were held in the College chapel, which was handsomely decorated for the occasion, on Thursday evening. All the members of the graduating class participated in them. They were opened with religious services, and introduced, as well as interspersed at intervals, with excellent music from the College choir. Essays were read by the members of the class on the topics named, and in the order here indicated: R. C. Bowling, Larimer, Pa., "The Psalter; Its Place in Christian Worship;" M. F. Dumstrey, Berlin, Germany, "Cartesianism;" S. P. Brown, McKee's Half Falls, Pa., "The Indestructible Element of the Jewish Church;" W. W. Deatruck, Mercersburg, Pa., "The Significance of the Apostolic Age;" S. F. Laury, Hellertown, Pa., "The One Offering for Sin;" T. J. Hacker,

Lancaster, Pa., "The Lord's Supper;" and T. S. Land, Philadelphia, "The Providence of God." At the close of the essays, the members of the class were presented by the Rev. Dr. A. H. Kremer, President of the Board of Visitors, with the usual certificate, accompanied with a few appropriate remarks.

The essays averaged about twelve minutes in length, and were generally well written, and read with distinctness and force. The exercises were very creditable to all who participated in them, as well as to the professors of the institution, under whose tuition the pupils have been trained. The next annual session will open on the first Wednesday in September. F.

CONCERNING ROMISH PENANCE.

A Catholic priest once twitted "Father Gruber," a quaint old Methodist preacher, that he belonged to a Church which was only about fifty years old; and asserted that his own Church had existed from the beginning of the Christian era, a period of eighteen centuries. "Yes," Father Gruber replied, "that is true; you are old, as you say—and that is just why you are so blind."

It can easily be seen, that this was only intended as a witty retort, and as a point to the charge that the Romish Church was morally blind. That blindness is one of the peculiarities of that Church, is, no doubt, in a great measure, true; and there may be truth as well as wit in Father Gruber's remark, that the blindness is the result of old age. What we mean is, that the Roman Church has long ago become old and blind in error. And we need no better evidence of this than her doctrine of penance, and the practices growing out of it and belonging to it. We will not attempt a full discussion of the monstrous error. In a general way we may assert, that it is the direct opposite of the evangelical and apostolic doctrine of justification by faith. It is the doctrine of the meritoriousness of human works. It is the doctrine of Balaam, that is, an attempt at spiritual bribery, to propitiate God by performing certain self-imposed works, or such as may be imposed by a priest.

The folly and the blindness of Rome are nowhere more palpable than in this so-called sacrament of penance. An example or two will suffice to make this evident. And it ought not to be considered unfair to select an example from Catholic Italy or Spain, being so near and so thoroughly under the influence of the very heart of Roman Church life and culture. We will take for an example the confession of a group of boys. The ghostly father, having heard the confession of each one, proceeds to the imposition of penance. To one he administers a slight reprimand, provided he has been more than ordinarily bad; to another he says, "I give you permission to ask your papa to buy you a new hat;" to another, "You may stay from school for one day" to another, "You may ask your mamma to give you a sweet cake;" and so on, any amount of such nonsense, followed by the form of absolution.

But some will say, That is Spain; and that is Italy; it is not so in more enlightened countries. Very well, if those countries are not blessed with the light of a true Christian civilization, all the worse for that boastful mother, the Church of Rome. But how is it in our own country, where Romanism appears to better advantage perhaps than anywhere else? We instance a Romish church in one of our principal cities—a large and wealthy church, employing several priests, servants and choristers in abundance, and troops of acolytes. Scene after the regular services are over: Some half a dozen persons kneeling before the altar, formally renouncing Protestantism as damnable heresy, and swearing by the holy gospels and other things, that they believe in and will do all things commanded by the holy Roman Church. And then, at last, comes the inevitable penance. One of the priests, after an address to the converts, in which he congratulates them on their happy escape, by the grace of God, from the soul-destroying errors of Protestantism, tells them he must now impose on them a light penance. And what is the light penance? Just this: They must pri-

vately repeat the Apostles' Creed, the Lord's Prayer and an Ave Maria! And that is the punishment for having been a heretic. Then, clearly, it must be a burden and a bore for a Catholic to engage in an act of worship. To do so, is paying a penalty for sin—it is a penance. To get to heaven it is only necessary to fulfil the prescribed ritual, as cross-bearing, and take a long breath of relief at the end of each task. Many of our readers will remember a subject in the Centennial Art Gallery, entitled "The Forced Prayer." That sermon in marble is acted continually in that apostate Church which prescribes the repetition of the Lord's Prayer and the Apostles' Creed as a work of penance—as a punishment for sin. As different from this is the Word of God, in all its teachings and examples, as light from darkness.

Those perverts (we say it with sadness and in pity) may, through some strange infatuation, be able to blot out the entire past of their religious life and convictions, and so accept without question, as a penance, the obligation of offering the prayer, which our blessed Lord gave us as the great means of holding daily communion with the Father. But such miserable turning back from gospel simplicity and freedom to the tiresome ritual and bondage of Romanism, should awaken in Protestants a livelier sense of their high privilege, responsibility and calling. K.

THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CONVENTION.

The Protestant Episcopal Convention, which met in this city last week, had an exciting time over the practices of St. Clement's Church. This congregation seems to be given to a kind of ecclesiastical dandyism, which is provoking, and which the diocesan convention, would have had less difficulty in condemning and restraining, but for the polity of the Church under which great latitude is claimed. There is in all, a professed regard for the Rubrics, and yet some of the ministers will not use even the form of Baptism prescribed, and it is claimed that they, as well as the extremists at St. Clement's, are breakers of the law. Some of the Episcopalians boast that they have the roomiest Church in the world, that is, that in it you can believe anything or nothing, but there seems to be very little elasticity in their forms, after all, and very little power to correct the evils which may attach to them as to any thing else. The rector of St. Clement's will go on just as before, and his reckless and unjustifiable course will be made an argument against the use even of the Lord's prayer and the Apostle's Creed, which it will be urged, contain the germ of Ritualism. He is doing vast harm to the cause he pretends to espouse. But he proposes to show by his correspondence with Bishop Stevens, that nearly every contested practice has been yielded, and that his accusers, are not far behind him in most things. We do not see that the Episcopal government solves the problem, which meets the Church on every side.

DR. WARD'S SERMON AT LANCASTER.

The annual sermon before the students of the Theological Seminary at Lancaster was preached on Wednesday evening last, by Rev. William Hays Ward, D. D., editor of the *Independent*, New York. Dr. Ward had the good sense to choose a very practical subject. He based his remarks upon the text, "Thou, therefore, endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ," (2 Timothy, 2:3), and made a plea for the stalwart Christianity, which shows the tough qualities that will endure hardships. The times for "Christian soldiering" are not past. "While there is one heathen nation in the centre of Africa yet unreclaimed to the gospel of Christ, one wild, wandering Indian tribe that as yet knows not of the redemption through Jesus, one corner of China yet unevangelized, one degraded clan of Papuan cannibals whom Christian civilization has not yet reached, so long will there be room for just that very form of devoted toil for God, in the fields of danger which you admire in the lives of Paul and those other saints of whom the world is not worthy."

Dr. Ward said with great force, "I am not sure but every young man entering the ministry should assume, that Christ's own commission sends him to a mission field, unless some special and unquestionable indication of Providence directs him to settle and cultivate the old tilled fields." This remark contains a very strong and palpable suggestion in these days, when those who profess to buckle on the armor for religious warfare seek the softest beds, and when only those who cannot find cultivated gardens to work in, go out to dig and toil in the wilderness.

The other leading point made by the speaker was, that the various forms of Atheism that are now raising their hydra-head, should be met with that consecrated toil which will be able to show upon the whole arena of fact and argument that Christianity is superior to error. The discourse was characterized by that earnest conviction which every one respects in those from whom he may differ in many things, and contained food for those who wished to be fed.

Notes and Quotes.

Now how will it do? A Union Church has been established at Hammondsville, New York, with the Apostles' Creed as its basis. Although the new organization has only ten members, it represents six denominations. There is no other church in the place.

And now they have found a species of bear, in Australia, that lives on astringent leaves and roots when wild, and takes to tobacco and whisky, when brought under the influence of civilization. That does away with the argument that the brutes will not touch the naughty stuff, and may furnish Mr. Darwin with the "missing link."

The "Imitation Stained Glass," which we spoke of under the head of Science, a few weeks ago, is to be had of Mr. L. Lum Smith, 717 Sansom St., Phila. We did not mention this at the time, because we were merely stating what had come under our observation, as a suggestion to our readers, and not in the interest of a manufacturer or advertiser. Those who have written to us in regard to the matter had better direct their inquiries as above, and buy on their own responsibility. We are pleased with the article.

THE SECOND SUNDAY-SCHOOL CONVENTION

of the Blair and Huntingdon County District of Mercersburg Classis.

This Convention met at Martinsburg, Pa., on Tuesday and Wednesday, April 22 and 23, 1879. The weather was very fine, and a large attendance of delegates and others was on hand. Every minister in the district except two was present, one of whom was detained by sickness in his family and death in his congregation. Twenty-eight delegates, representing nearly all of the seventeen Sunday Schools in the district, were also present. Besides these, Rev. I. N. Peightel and Elder A. Haderman, of the Bedford county district, Rev. J. H. Baird, of the Presbyterian church, Patonsville, Revs. D. Stock, of the Lutheran Church, J. H. Esterlein, Church of God, and M. L. Smith, of the Methodist Church, Martinsburg, were present, and added to the interest of the Convention. Matters of Sunday School interest were discussed, and gave rise to the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That Sunday School Conventions are beneficial for the advancement and success of the Sunday School work.

Resolved, That the Sunday School be subordinate to the church, as a nursery in the church.

Resolved, That family nurture is an imperative duty required in God's holy word, especially from all such families who stand in covenant relation with God;—hence the result of His gracious promised blessing to the obedient.

Resolved, That the instructions given to children in the Sunday School are preparatory to the instruction imparted to the members of the catechetical class, when they are further advanced in age, and that it will prove greatly beneficial, not only to the children of the Sunday School, but to the Sunday School as such, where instructions from the Catechism, in connection with other instructions, are imparted.

Resolved, That it is the duty of pastors, consistory and church members to take a deep interest in and become co-workers and labor for the advancement of the cause and extension of the Sunday School work.

Resolved, That Superintendents and teachers of Sunday Schools be properly qualified in their respective responsible positions in order to crown their work with success.

Resolved, That all books be carefully examined by pastors and consistory before they pass into the hands of the children in the Sunday School, and that only such be permitted for introduction, that contain matter of a moral and religious character.

Resolved, That weekly teachers' meetings are greatly beneficial to all concerned.

C. H. REITER,
J. D. MILLER,
G. W. BECK,
Committee on Resolutions.

Reports from the different schools were presented and read by the delegates, showing that most of the schools were open during the entire year, the exceptions being schools in the country, where scholars live at distances which made it inconvenient for the children to come in the winter. Some of the schools have devoted teachers' meetings, and nearly all devote their contributions to the benevolence of the Church; some give all their contributions as alms.

A children's service was held on Wednesday afternoon, conducted by the pastor. The service was the usual Sunday School service, in which the children joined heartily. Addresses were made by Revs. J. M. Schick and I. N. Peightel and Elder David Dunn.

The Convention was enjoyed by all present, and will prove a benefit not only to the school, in whose midst it was held, but to all delegates present, and through them to their respective schools.

Before adjourning, the following was adopted unanimously:

Resolved, That the thanks of this Convention be and are hereby tendered to the members of the Martinsburg congregation and other citizens of the town, for the Christian fellowship and kind hospitality extended to the members of the body during their stay at Martinsburg. To this resolution the pastor responded in a neat speech, expressing in the name of his people the hearty welcome accorded to the delegates and others attending the Convention.

The Convention adjourned with devotional service and the congregation dismissed with the apostolic benediction, by Rev. A. G. Dole, the president of the Convention. J. M. S.

REFORMED CHURCH AT SELINGSGROVE.

After being built twenty-three years, the Reformed Church of Selingsgrove needed some repairs. Owing to some leaks along the posts of the cupola, which defied the skill of our mechanics, a part of the plastering had fallen down with others threatening soon to fall. The work of repairing could not be adjourned to a more convenient time, any longer, though the congregation felt almost too poor to risk the expense, these hard times. The work was begun the latter part of February. The members entered upon it with a commendable degree of enthusiasm. Never was there greater union of action in an undertaking of this kind, or a heartier and more cheerful working together in its consummation. There were always on hand members enough to do with their might whatever their hands found to do. This saved a great deal of expense. The whole inner surface was renovated, a new carpet laid down, the blinds repainted, alterations made around the altar, and many other things renewed or added, at a cost of something over three hundred dollars in money. The church looks better now than it did before.

It was an occasion of joy and thankfulness to re-enter the church after the renovation. The first service held was on Saturday afternoon, April 26th, preparatory to the celebration of the Lord's Supper. Confirmation services were held in the evening. A catechetical class of thirteen was confirmed, five of whom are heads of families. Rev. Prof. J. S. Stahr of Franklin and Marshall college, preached a very appropriate sermon. The communion on Sunday morning, was the largest during the present pastorate. Prof. Stahr preached a peculiarly edifying sermon on: "Why seek ye the living among the dead?"

The spacious church was overcrowded on Sunday evening, when it was re-dedicated to the service of the Triune God. The other denominations had closed their churches to be present at the dedication. Their pastors took part in conducting the services. We secured money enough to pay off the debt, which made us feel specially happy, though it required more of an effort than we like to see in the midst of public worship. Prof. Stahr's sermon on Hag. iv. 9, "The glory of this latter house, shall be greater than that of the former," was very interesting and eloquent, and made a happy impression on this community. His services were all well received and added much to the interest and pleasure of these festive services.

The Selingsgrove charge has now the two best church buildings in Snyder Co. The church at Freeburg is the most beautiful and costly edifice in the county. Next to that is the Reformed church at Selingsgrove. The charge is growing. Our additions during the spring communions are twenty-three by confirmation. The Lord seems to be bending benignly over us, and to be establishing the work of our hands upon us. To Him be all the glory!

SUNDAY SCHOOL CONVENTION.

The Upper District of East Susquehanna Classis will hold a Sunday School Convention at Wapwallopen church, near Berwick, Pa., May 20th and 21st, commencing at 7.30, P. M.

Programme: 1st Session. The Relation of the Sunday School to the Congregation.—Revs. Alfred Houtz and G. B. Dechant. 2d Session. The best Method to enlist the Congregation in the Sunday School.—Revs. W. E. Krebs and E. D. Miller. 3d Session. Qualifications for successful Sunday School Teachers.—Revs. W. C. Schaeffer and J. K. Millett. 4th Session. Sunday School Hymns and Music.—Revs. Z. A. Yearick and Alfred Houtz.

Committee's report on the result of the discussion of the programme. All persons who expect to attend are requested to give Rev. T. Derr, Berwick, Pa., due notice, that he may make provision for their entertainment during the Convention.

S. B. SCHAFER, Supt.

Milton, Pa.

Church News.

OUR OWN CHURCH.

SYNOD OF THE UNITED STATES.

At the Spring communion held on the 4th of May, in St. Paul's church, Centre county, Pa., Rev. J. G. Shoemaker, pastor, eight persons were added to the church by confirmation. They had been attending catechetical instruction since last fall. The communion was the largest in the history of the congregation, whose present condition is very encouraging.

Rev. A. C. Whitmer was installed pastor of the Millinburg charge on the 4th instant. The sermon was preached by the Rev. W. W. Clouser, and the liturgical services were conducted by the Rev. A. B. Caspar and S. S. Kohler, committee of the West Susquehanna Classis. The pastor has received much kind

attention from his people. The Spring communions have been held in the three congregations, and were largely attended.

The Spring communion was held in the church at Quakertown, Bucks county, Pa., Rev. F. J. Mohr, pastor, on the 27th of April. Twenty-eight persons were added to the church, eighteen by confirmation, two of whom received adult baptism, and ten by certificate or renewed profession. The occasion was one of much interest and solemnity.

The mission organized some time ago at Ridgely, Md., and which is, at present, supplied by the Rev. E. H. Dieffenbacher, of Wyoming Delaware, is moving forward under quite encouraging circumstances. At a communion held on Sunday, the 4th of May, ten were added to the church, seven by confirmation, who had received a regular course of catechetical instruction, and three by certificate. Two were also added by certificate a short time ago. The attendance on the preparatory services was very good, though they were held in the midst of the busy season. Forty-eight persons communed, of whom thirty-nine are members. The mission has some prospect of obtaining the services of a regular pastor soon. The number of communicants at the Easter communion at Wyoming, of which we took some notice a week or two ago, was seventy-three, of whom sixty-six are members, the largest number at any one time in the history of the congregation.

At the recent communions held in two of the congregations of the Weisport, Pa., charge, Rev. J. E. Freeman, pastor, forty-one persons were added to the church by confirmation, nine at Big Creek church, and thirty-two at Towamencin church. The attendance on the services was very large. At the former place, the communicants number forty-eight, and at the latter, one hundred and twenty. A new church has been for some time in course of erection at East Mauch Chunk. It is now finished and nearly paid for. It is proposed to dedicate it to the worship of God on the 18th of May. The congregation at this place has enjoyed a marked degree of prosperity.

The pastor of the church at Wilkesbarre, Pa., Rev. F. K. Levan, informs the "Kirchenzeitung," that twenty-four catechumens were confirmed in his church on Palm Sunday, and that the number of communicants on Easter Sunday was very large. The congregation, under his pastoral care, enjoys an encouraging degree of prosperity.

SYNOD OF THE POTOMAC.

Fourteen persons were added to the church in connection with the Spring communions in Woodcock Valley charge, Rev. C. H. Reiter, pastor, twelve by confirmation, one by certificate, and one by renewed profession. Eight of them are heads of families. This increases the additions to the church during the first year of the present pastorate, just brought to a close, to sixty-six. The services were all well attended, and the number of communicants unusually large. The condition of the charge is full of promise.

The sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered in Christ church, Hagerstown, Md., Rev. L. G. Kremer, pastor, on Sunday, May 4th. The preparatory and confirmation services, as well as the communion service of Sunday, were all well attended. They were also deeply interesting and solemn. Twelve persons were added to the church, four by confirmation and eight by certificate. This increases the number of additions since October last to fourteen. The pastor and people are much encouraged.

Services were held every evening during Passion Week in the church at Clearspring, Md., Rev. W. Goodrich, pastor, and the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered on Easter Sunday. In St. Paul's church, of the same charge, the communion services were held on the 4th of May. In connection with these services fifteen were added to the church, eleven by confirmation and four by certificate. The attendance on all the services was very encouraging.

A most interesting communion season was enjoyed by the Salem congregation, at Clover Creek, Blair county, Pa., supplied by the Rev. F. A. Ruple, on the 4th of May. The audience was larger, and a greater number surrounded the altar than for years before. Since the last annual meeting of Classis, forty-seven persons have been added to the church; thirty by confirmation and seventeen by certificate.

WESTERN CHURCH.

In connection with the Easter communion at Marshville, Ohio, Rev. C. M. Schaaf, pastor, eight persons were added to the church, six by confirmation and two by renewed profession.

Rev. Dr. J. G. Zahner, of Shanesville, Ohio, in connection with the late communions in his charge, added thirty-two persons to two of his churches by confirmation, namely, fourteen to the church at Shanesville, and eighteen to that at Carlisle, of whom eight received adult baptism, and four are heads of families.

In connection with the Easter communion, Rev. J. Matzinger, of Clay, Indiana, added seven to the church by confirmation; Rev. Wm. Hansen, of Detroit, Michigan, ten, and Rev. R. Heusser, of Fountain city, Minnesota, six.

Thirteen persons were recently added to the church at New Lisbon, Ohio, Rev. W. T. Hale, pastor; to the church at Hartsville, Ohio, Rev. J. A. Kelley, pastor; twenty-three to the Thornville, Ohio, charge, Rev. T. C. Yost, pastor, and five to the church at Robertsburg, Ohio, Rev. J. J. Leberman, pastor.

GERMAN SYNOD OF THE EAST.

In connection with the Easter communions, Rev. M. Bachman, of Baltimore, Md., added fifty-six persons to his church by confirmation, and the Rev. J. C. Hauser, of the same city, twenty-four.

ANNUAL MEETINGS OF THE CLASSES.

SYNOD OF THE UNITED STATES.

East Pennsylvania Classis: Lehigh, Carbon county, Pa., Monday before Ascension day, at 2 o'clock, P. M., (May 19th).
Lebanon Classis: Womelsdorf, Pa., June 6th, 8 o'clock, P. M.

Philadelphia Classis: Norristown, Pa., June 6th, 8 o'clock, P. M.

Lancaster Classis: Lititz, Pa., first Thursday after Whitsunday, (June 5th), at 7½ o'clock, P. M.

East Susquehanna Classis: Turbotville, Pa., first Thursday after Whitsunday (June 5th), at 7½ o'clock, P. M.

West Susquehanna Classis: Bellefonte, Pa., third Wednesday in May (21st), at 7½ o'clock, P. M.

Goshenhoppen Classis: Wentz's church, Montgomery county, Pa., first Friday in June (6th) at 2 o'clock, P. M.

Tohickon Classis: Ridge Valley, Bucks

county, Pa., first Friday in June, (6th), at 7½ o'clock, P. M.

SYNOD OF THE POTOMAC.

Zion's Classis: Jacob's church, Emanuel's charge, York county, Pa., Friday, May 16th, at 7½ o'clock, P. M.

Maryland Classis: Jefferson, Frederick county, Md., Thursday, May 15th, at 7½ o'clock, P. M.

Mercersburg Classis: Shippensburg, Cumberland county, Pa., Wednesday, May 14th, at 7½ o'clock, P. M.

Virginia Classis: Smithfield, Jefferson county, W. Va., Thursday, May 15th, at 7½ o'clock, P. M.

North Carolina Classis: Emanuel's church, Davidson county, N. C., Thursday, May 22d, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

San Francisco Classis: Stockton, California, June 1st, at 8 o'clock, P. M.

PITTSBURGH SYNOD.

Westmoreland Classis: Manor church, Westmoreland county, Pa., Friday before Whitsunday, at 2½ o'clock, P. M.

Clarion Classis: St. Luke's church, Kittanning, Pa., Thursday, June 5th, at 8 o'clock, P. M.

St. Paul's Classis: St. John's church, Shenango charge, Mercer county, Pa., Thursday after Whitsunday, (June 5th), at 7½ o'clock, P. M.

Somerset Classis: Salem church, Frostburg, Md., June 3d, at 7½ o'clock, P. M.

Allegheny Classis: Grace church, Pittsburgh, Pa., June 4th, at 7½ o'clock, P. M.

ANNUAL MEETING OF CLASSIS OF VIRGINIA.

Notice to members, delegates and others intending to be in attendance at the annual meeting of Classis of Virginia, to be held in Smithfield, Jefferson Co., W. Va., May 15th, 1879. Those who come down the Valley will take the Mail train east, Valley Branch B. & O. R. R., and get off at Cameron's Station where conveyances will be in readiness to convey them to the place of meeting, and those who reside above and below Harper's Ferry will take Mail train east or west, Main Stem B. & O. R. R., and get off at Kearneysville, where they will take stage for Smithfield.

CHAS. G. FISHER, Pastor Loc.

ZION'S CLASSIS.

The members of Zion's Classis will please take the Mail train at Harrisburg, at 1½ o'clock, P. M., due south to Hanover Junction. Thence to Hanover Branch: to Valley Junction: up the Bachman's Valley to Greenridge (Heindles). There they will be accommodated.

Those coming privately please call at the Stone Church in Codorus. J. D. ZEHREING.

BOARD OF TRUSTEES OF THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

The Board of Trustees of Theological Seminary will meet at Lancaster, Pa., in the First Reformed Church, Thursday, May 15th, at 10 A. M., instead of Thursday, May 8th. By order of the President.

EDW. T. ZAHM,
Rec. Sec.

LANCASTER, PA., April 30th, 1879.

GOSHENHOPPEN CLASSIS.

The members of Goshenhoppen Classis are hereby notified that the annual meeting has been changed from Friday before Whitsuntide to Friday following, at the same time of the day. By order of the President.

L. D. LEBERMAN.

Married.

On the 1st inst., at the residence of the bride's parents, by Rev. J. W. Robinson, assisted by Rev. T. J. Barkley, William C. Voigt to Miss Kittie Dunlay, both of Allegheny city.

At the home of the bride's mother, on April 29, 1879, by Rev. F. B. Hahn, Mr. Franklin Brown to Miss Ella Dieffenbacher, both of Greenville, Pa.

Obituaries.

IN MEMORIAM.

A short time since, at his home in Mulberry, Indiana, Rev. S. N. L. Kessler departed this life. At such a time and in such a presence, dates and days are but little to the living, and nothing to the dead. I leave them to other hands and for other purposes. All that I ask is to be permitted to lay upon the altar of friendship my tribute to the memory of the departed.

When one is stunned by a thunderbolt, he can scarcely realize what has happened. So it is with me in the sudden death of my friend. Can it be that he is dead? It seems impossible! My faculties refuse to consent to it; my eyes involuntarily seek for his presence; my eager hand stretches forth to grasp his, my heart yearns for his presence. In vain! He is gone in the flush spring-time of his manhood; in the midst of his usefulness; in the buoyancy of his unmeasured energies. I do not think any one knew him better, and I know that none could have appreciated him more than I. For ten years I have associated with him intimately, warmly, in that friendship which is the cement of human souls. Ten years of such confidence tell me much about each other, from which neither failing nor virtue can hide itself. And, with this knowledge, I bear witness to the sterling qualities of the departed. During all these years his nobleness of soul was uniform in impulse and quick in selfless action. For friendship he knew no such thing as sacrifice. What some would have done as a duty or a favor, he did as a pleasure—the more enjoyable to him, the more it made others happy. If, being human, he was not perfect, his most grievous fault was his unbounded generosity. He was lavish of what he had, but most lavish of efforts and labors in behalf of his fellows. As a man he was manly, noble, true and self-reliant. He was widely and well informed, and had opinions of his own, which he feared not to express. As a minister of the gospel, he was earnest, eloquent, indefatigable; tender as a child in his exhaustless sympathy, and hating the very thought of cant. Above all he was honest towards his God, himself and all mankind. He made no pretense for praise or profit, and was thoroughly natural, both as preacher and individual. When in the pulpit, his hearers lost sight of the man altogether, and heard only the fervent tones and glowing thoughts of the divine. In society, his company forgot the preacher in the entertaining and agreeable associate. But wherever he was, and in whatever engaged, the call of duty always found him ready with a willing response. It seemed that nothing could daunt or discourage him. He did the work of three men. His energy was amazing. For the last two years he lived on his energy almost alone, and death came because he had literally consumed it. He is dead, yet he lives—lives in the grateful hearts of his bereaved congregation, and in the living memories of his hosts of warm personal friends. To me he will always be a living inspiration; his memory will remain with me as a well defined identity—his friendship cannot die; and we who knew him and loved him may dwell with comfort and consolation in that loyal and sustaining hope, whose

bud withers in the frosts of time, only to bloom again in eternity. E. J. HOFFMAN.

DIED.—On April 23d, 1879, in Upper Leacock township, Lancaster Co., Pa., Mrs. Susanna, wife of Elder Henry Sheibly, aged 76 years, 10 months, and 12 days.

In 1853 Mr. and Mrs. Sheibly became communicant members of Heller's church, where they have ever since been among the most regular in attending to all their church duties and privileges.

Our deceased sister will be very much missed in our church. For, although she had attained to a good old age, her general health was very good until a few months ago, when we had the pleasure of seeing her regularly at church and taking part in all the services. She was blessed with a pleasant and cheerful disposition, and enjoyed her religion in an earnest and whole-souled manner. Her last days were calm and peaceful, and she approached her end with cheerful hope of a blissful immortality in the world to come. The funeral services were conducted by the pastor of the family, Rev. D. W. Gerhard, of New Holland. Some one, who is evidently not interested in church matters, pays a lengthy tribute of respect to the deceased and family, in the *Daily Examiner and Express* of Lancaster, from which we append the following extracts:

"One of the large families which has come under the notice of the writer for a long time took place today at the residence of Henry Sheibly, on the Conestoga, in Upper Leacock township, at the interment of his wife. Some idea of the gathering can be formed from the fact, that your informant counted upwards of two hundred buggies and carriages on one point, and was informed, that more than three hundred persons took dinner at the house. Mrs. Sheibly's years numbered three score ten and seven, and she lived in bonds of matrimony fifty-seven years. While the mother of fourteen children (four of whom survive her) she had always enjoyed remarkably good health, until four months ago, when she was attacked with hemorrhage of the lungs. She became satisfied that her stay here was drawing to a close, and on Wednesday evening last, as the sun was sinking behind the western horizon, conscious of her situation, she bade her husband, son and others around her a last affectionate good-bye and passed off without a struggle.

"Her husband surviving her, passed his eighty-second birthday on the 11th inst.; is enjoying excellent health; is full of vigor; has never been sick with the exception of several attacks of rheumatism; never uses a cane, and walks perfectly erect. The house in which he was born, and has always lived, was built by his father in 1779, one hundred years ago; is a large two-story building, comfortably and conveniently arranged, and is in excellent preservation."

DIED.—Lizzie R. Kefauver, daughter of Rev. L. H. Kefauver, pastor of the First Reformed congregation, Tiffin, Ohio, April 18th, 1879, aged 19 years and 3 months.

The deceased was born at Greensburg, Pa., in December, 1859. In July, 1863, she removed with her parents to Tiffin, Ohio, and from that time until her decease she was a member of the First Reformed Sunday-school. After a careful course of Christian training in the Sunday-school, catechetical class, as well as in the family, she was confirmed on Good Friday, 1873, and afterward became a teacher in the Sunday-school. She graduated at Tiffin High-School in 1876, and in the fall of 1877 was employed as a teacher and taught that year, and was employed for the present year, but her failing health compelled her to abandon her work. She was tenderly loved by all who knew her; had a kind word for every one; was an active worker in the Sunday-school, and a dutiful child, and a loving sister. Many tokens of esteem and friendship were displayed around her casket. It was covered with choicest flowers. The altar of the church was appropriately decorated with blooming plants and cut flowers. The immense concourse of people that gathered to pay the last tribute of respect to the deceased filled every seat and aisle in the church, and gave evidence in tears of the loss they had sustained and their deep sympathy for Bro. Kefauver and his family. She died her work faithfully and well, and sweetly fell asleep in Jesus, with an abiding faith in the life of bliss beyond the grave. Rev. J. B. Good, D. D., preached the funeral sermon, and was followed by N. L. Brewer, superintendent, in a few remarks.

DIED.—In Millinburg, Pa., April 1st, John Stitzer, in his 73d year.

For many years he was a member of the Reformed Church in Millinburg—faithful, humble, and kind to the poor.

DIED.—Near Millinburg, Pa., April 8th, Mrs. Mary Ann Edleman, in her 69th year.

She was confirmed when eighteen years of age; and so for over fifty years she was a communicant member of the church. What a beautiful record some humble souls have!

Acknowledgments.

CLARION CLASSIS.

Received from Jan. 1st, 1879 to May 1st, 1879.
Jan 16, Recd from Rev A K Kline, South bend chg. \$ 26 00
Jan 31, Rev J B Thompson, Red Bank chg, 40 00
Feb 10, Rev D S Dieffenbacher, Kittanning chg, 17 86
Feb 18, Rev M H Dieffenbacher, Plumb Creek chg, 16 00
Feb 28, Rev H Hoffman, Beaver chg, 33 00
March 26, Rev J M Evans, Curlyville chg, 20 14
April 21, Rev D S Dieffenbacher, Kittanning chg, 28 35
April 29, Rev A K Kline, South Bend chg, 24 00
April 29, Rev J M Evans, Curlyville chg, 8 53
\$213 88
D. S. DIEFFENBACHER, Treasurer

BENEFICIARY EDUCATION.

Received, per Rev. W. A. Haas, Treasurer of West Susquehanna Classis, contributed as follows, for use of Beneficiaries of Classis: from Lewisburg charge \$6, Centre Hall, \$13.91, White Deer, \$14, and Selingsgrove, \$12. \$45.91
SAM'L R. FISHER, Treas.

LETTER LIST.

Ayer & Son, N W, (3).
Brush, Henry, Benner, C, Binkley, H K, (7).
Bachman, Jas N, Brubaker, Isaac P, Bates, Rev W H, Bartholomew, Rev A R.
Conwell, Jos A, (2), Cort, Rev C, Clark, E E, Case, F E.
Deatrick, W W, Doll, C W, Dieffenbacher, Rev D S, Dieffenbacher, Rev M H, Diehl, E H.
Edwards, W G, Evans, Rev J M, Eisenhart, D, Engle, Rev W G.
Force, C C, Flickinger, W A, Fisher, D, Ferer, Rev B B.
Gerhart, Rev H L, Gurley, Rev G D, Gerhart, Rev R L, German, E S, Gibson, Mrs Anna, Goodrich, Rev W, Gerhard, Rev D W.
Hartzel, Rev G P, Hartzell, Sam'l, Hillegas, W G, Haderman, Rev J, Heilmann, Rev C U, Hahn, W, Hahn, Rev F B, Hiteshue, Mrs Mary Ann, Hawley, Jesse G, Haas, Rev W A, Hensell, Rev J C, Hordel, J M, Hiltbush, J K, Hantz, J M, Hoffmeier, Rev H W, Harbaugh, Mrs M L.
James, T L.
Kinsely, Geo, Kline, N L R, Kohler, Rev S, Sidney, Keller, Henry, Kremer, Rev L G, Kremer, Rev D F W.
Long, Rev S C, Levan, Rev F K, Lady, Rev D B, Lower, Jacob F, Leber, C L.
Moyer, John, Miller, Dan'l, Menecy, C H, Miller, Newlin, Millet, Rev J K, Mumbauer, Miss Lizzie, Markell, Francis, Mohr, Rev F J.
Neyhart, John.
Piank, G P, Pierson, J S.
Rightmeyer, M, Roeder, Rev S M, Rummel, J C, Roder, Jacob, Reber, Rev J A, Riegel, M J.
Snyder, Rev J F, Schwartzler, Rev S, Sandoe, Rev H H, Siegel, Rev C W E, Sterner, H S, Shuey, Rev D B, Stoltmeyer, H J C, Shoemaker, Rev D O, Schaff, A M, Schick, Rev J M, Sell, B F, (2), Schaeffer, Rev N C, Shoemaker, Rev J G, (2), Sautter, Rev Dr J W, Seehler, Rev J H, Snyder, G V, Vaughan, Rev A S.
White, R, (2), Wagner, Rev J S, Walter, A P, Whitmore, Rev A J, Willard, Rev Dr G W, (2), Wolbach, Joshua, Willers, Dr Jr, Warner, F, Whitmer, Rev A C, Witmer, P E.
Zieher, Rev Dr W K, Ziegler, Rev A F.

Youth's Department.

SHOWER AND FLOWER.

Down the little drops patter,
Making a musical clatter;
Out of the clouds they throng;
Freshness of heaven they scatter
Little dark rootlets among.
"Coming to visit you, Posies!
Open your hearts to us, Rosies!"
That is the Raindrops' song.

Up the little seed rises:
Buds of all colors and sizes
Clamber up out of the ground.
Gently the blue sky surprises
The earth with that soft-rushing sound.
"Welcome!"—the brown bees are humming.
"Come! for we wait for your coming!"
Whisper the wild flowers around.

"Shower, it is pleasant to hear you!"
"Flower, it is sweet to be near you!"
This is the song everywhere.
Listen! the music will cheer you!
Raindrop and blossom so fair
Gladly are meeting together
Out in the beautiful weather!—
Oh, the sweet song in the air!

—St. Nicholas.

FIGHTING THE STORM.

"A fearful day, neighbor Scheffer!"
"You say truly, neighbor Bait; there has been nothing like it since the great storm of '24. Heaven have pity on us!"

So muttered to each other the villagers of Seckendorf, as they crouched behind the rocks along the river-bank in the gray of that wild March morning, with a hurricane such as no living man could remember, rushing and roaring down the valley. Young and old, even babies and bed-ridden grandmothers, were all gathered there; for it was no time to linger within walls which cracked and groaned with every blast, and might at any moment come crashing down in one mass of ruin.

Even in that sheltered spot the jackets of the men and the long hair of the women flapped in the wind like torn canvas; but out in the open ground the fury of the storm was fearful to look at. Tall trees were bending like whips, huge stones rolling down the surrounding ridges, twigs and even large branches flying through the air like straws; while on the unsheltered uplands, more than one shepherd's hut had been literally blown to pieces, and lay strewn far and wide over the hillside, a shapeless wreck of shattered timbers.

But even more fearful was the sight of the flooded river below, which, swollen by weeks of rain, and lashed into fury by the tremendous gale, went foaming down the narrow valley with a roar that seemed to shake the very rocks that walled it in; and as the peasants stood gazing at it, one of them, a stalwart herdsman of the upland pastures, pointed, with a sudden paleness on his sunburned features, to the little cottage that stood on an island in the centre of the stream, at the window of which a human face had just shown itself.

"It's the ferryman and his family," whispered one. "They haven't had time to escape."

"God help them, then!" muttered another; "it's all over with them, now!"

At that moment the clatter of hoofs was heard along the stony road, and a single horseman came tearing down toward the bank, his white hair and his horse's mane streaming on the wind like a pennon. A murmur ran through the crowd as he approached: "It's our master—it's the Count of Hildeshiem!"

Even before he reached the spot, the Count had evidently seen the danger of the island family; for his first words were:

"Two hundred thalers to the man who saves them. Who will go?"

The men looked at each other in silence. There were no faint hearts among them; but the bravest man might well have shrunk from that boiling whirl of foam, in whose grasp the strongest boat would have been nothing. More than one eye kindled, more than one hand clenched itself; but nobody stepped forward. At that moment a huge wave went roaring up over the islet, and striking the cottage wall, tore it away like paper, while the shrieks of the children and their mother, who were now plainly visible, were heard even above the howling of the storm.

"Will you let them perish before your eyes?" roared the Count. "If I were ten years younger I'd go myself."

Just then a solitary figure, which seemed to have risen through the earth, so suddenly did it appear, was seen on the very brink of the river, launching a small boat. In another instant boat and man vanished together into the whirlwind of spray that filled the air. The Count clutched his horse's mane, and his lips moved as if in prayer; while more than one stifled cry broke from the peasants, as the little bark at length reappeared close to the islet, dancing like a feather amid the roaring waves that surged up around. But the ferryman had seen the coming help, and prepared for it. In an instant his wife was lowered down, with her baby in her arms. The other two children followed; but alas! there was no place for the father in the tiny skiff, already overloaded.

The two brave men exchanged a look, and understood each other. Off went the boat, shooting down the foaming current like an arrow. More than once all seemed over; but the oarsman's hand was sure, and at last, far down the stream, he brought his charge safe to land. Then, without halting a moment, he seized a tow rope, and dragging his boat to the point whence he had started, shot out into the raging flood once more.

"God be with him!" cried the Count, fervently; "no other man in Saxony would have dared such a deed!"

Stoutly did the gallant man strain at his task; but he came only just in time. The ferryman had barely leaped into the boat when the whole building came crashing down. In an instant the whole crowd was in motion, and, headed by the Count himself, they rushed down the bank to meet the rescued man and his deliverer as they touched the shore.

"There, my brave fellow!" cried the old noble, holding out his purse to the oarsman; "never was money better earned!"

"Not so, Sir Count," answered the other. "God has enabled me to keep myself by the work of my own hands, and I need nothing more. Give your gold to this poor man and his family, who have lost their all."

And without awaiting a reply, he turned on his heels and disappeared.—*Albany Journal.*

A ROBE OF GLASS.

In the large basement room of the home of S. Isaacs, at No. 1434 Mission street, between Tenth and Eleventh, is now weaving the most wonderful fabric of which the voluminous history of unique feminine apparel furnishes any account. It is the material, as flexible as the finest of silk and as durable as Blue Jeans Williams' favorite stuff for trousers, for a lady's dress, and it is woven by the world-renowned artist in glasswork, Prof. Theodore Greiner, out of the innumerable colored strands of glass, first spun by himself. Compared with the completed garment, the mythical glass slipper of the fabulous Cinderella will sink into as vulgar an insignificance as an exhausted Napa soda bottle. A Chronicle reporter called on him recently, and he very courteously showed him the entire process. Breaking an extra piece out of the soiled bottom of an already broken tumbler, he submitted it to the heat of a blow-pipe until it became incandescent and soft. Then with a "stick" of glass he touched the molten portion, and with an expert motion, which may be described as a flip, he carried a thread so fine that it was almost invisible till it caught on the disc of a slowly-revolving, wide wooden wheel of nineteen feet circumference. At a certain number of revolutions the strand was complete, and the wheel was stopped and it is removed. It then consisted of innumerable softly glistening threads, finer than the finest of floss silk. These strands are spun of all colors, and are then washed in a solution of water and beet-root sugar, which toughens them. The spinning is all done, and occupied many weeks. The weaving is done on an old-fashioned hand-loom, the warp being nineteen feet long and the woof four feet, so that the material will cut to

advantage. Only about ten inches a day can be woven, and the whole piece will not be completed until some time in April.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

A TRUE HERO.

The city of Marseilles in France was once afflicted with the plague. So terrible was it that it caused parents to desert children, and children to forget the obligations to their own parents. The city became as a desert, and funerals were constantly passing through its streets. Everybody was sad, for nobody could stop the ravages of the plague. The physicians could do nothing, and as they met one day to talk over the matter, and see if something could not be done to prevent this great destruction of life, it was decided that nothing could be effected without opening a corpse in order to find the mysterious character of the disease. All agreed upon the plan, but who would be the victim? it being certain that he should die soon after. There was a dead pause. Suddenly one of the most celebrated physicians, a man in the prime of life, arose from his seat and said: "Be it so; I devote myself to the safety of my country. Before this numerous assembly I swear, in the name of humanity and religion, that to-morrow, at the break of day, I will dissect a corpse, and write down as I proceed what I observe." He immediately left the room, and as he was rich he made a will, and spent that evening in religious exercises. During the night a man died in his house of the plague, and at daybreak the following morning the physician, whose name was Guyon, entered the room and critically made the examination. He then left the room, threw the papers into a vase of vinegar so that they might not convey the disease to another, and retired to a convenient place, where he died in twelve hours.

HEART'S-EASE.

A pretty little village, nestling among the great mountains that surrounded it on all sides, as if they would fain shelter it from all outside cares and trouble, and very peaceful indeed it looked, with the sunset glow of a summer evening flinging its radiance over vale and hill, and embracing the whiteness of the pretty little cottages that mainly composed the village. Old and young seemed alike to be enjoying the beauty of the evening as they gathered in groups or rested quietly at their cottage doors. With one of the latter I tarried to speak a few words in admiration of the small flower garden, which I well knew was the pride and delight of the old man's heart. "Did you ever see finer pansies than these, ma'am?" he said exultingly, as he gathered a few and gave them to me. Certainly I never did, for their rich dark beauty was only equalled by their perfect formation and the soft cream-like shading petals.

"Pansies for thoughts," I said; "they suggest very peaceful ones, I think."

"Don't you like the old English name for 'em best, ma'am? Heart-ease. 'Pears to me like it fits 'em better. They allars seem to thrive so contentedly in any out-of-the-way corner you puts 'em in, so lowly too, for all their being so much richer looking than many of their taller neighbors."

Quaint as the old man was, I was struck by the force and truth of his remarks.

The melody of a happy, trustful voice came floating out to us from an open window, and he added, "There's our village Heart's-ease singing now."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Only a neighbor of mine, ma'am, a young woman who has seen a deal of trouble, poor thing; but she is so happy and peaceful that the people round about here always call her 'our Heart's-ease,' and go to her whenever they are in trouble. They think it fits her just as it does the pansies."

A few days after I determined to make the acquaintance of "our Heart's-ease," and made my way to the white cottage. Within a covered porch I found Alice Fern sitting busily sewing on a little child's dress. As I looked upon the serene and peaceful face, I did not wonder at the name the villagers

had given. After a little I learned that she was a young widow, having lost her husband, a sailor, two years ago, just when she was expecting him home. Since that time she had been dependent on her own exertions for supporting her invalid mother and her little child. A baby had died a year ago.

"How much you have had to worry you," I said.

"The blessings always came more thickly than the troubles," she answered brightly.

"You have found the silver lining to the cloud, then, I expect."

"That is it, ma'am; I have been a slow learner, but God has at length taught me to trust Him in the dark as well as in the light—when I cannot see the way as much as when I can."

"And you have found Him faithful that promised?" I asked. She looked up from her work as if surprised that I should ask such a question.

"I have found Him able to do exceeding abundantly above all that I can ask or think, for His faithfulness reacheth unto the clouds. No words of mine can tell what He has done for me," she answered simply.

"I do not wonder now that your neighbors give you the name of Heart's-ease," I said, smiling.

"They seem to wonder why I am not worried and fretted and anxious as so many of them are. Poor things! I wish they would try my way."

"And what is your way?" I asked.

"Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you; when that is done, what is there left to worry about?"

"But people are not willing to do that," I said.

"I know it," she answered, "and I was not once, but I have learned the better way now, and it is such a comfort that I want to get every one else to try it."

"It does seem strange that people should be so willing to keep their burdens and their worries, when they might be so easily rid of them all," I remarked.

"That is what I tell them, ma'am. If they could only once realize the comfort there is in leaving everything with Him who knoweth what things we have need of before we ask Him even, they would no longer wonder at the Heart's-ease it brings to one."

"No, indeed, for the Lord is a stronghold in the day of trouble, and He knoweth them that trust in Him, and underneath are the everlasting arms," and with these words I bid her farewell, feeling she was indeed one who through deep waters had come into a fuller possession than many of the "peace that passeth all understanding," the only sure foundation for the tranquillity and restfulness of the mind, which was so truly Heart's-ease, and having nothing to trouble her, because she had cast it all upon Him, the result was:

A heart at leisure from itself
To soothe and sympathize.

—Presbyterian.

WHAT THE ROBIN KNOWS.

We are coming, children, coming with the Spring-time and the rose,
From the fragrant Southern gardens where the spicy sumach grows,
Where the trailing, blue-eyed myrtle, and the smilax, lush and green,
Are weaving dainty garlands for the summer's soft-eyed queen.

We are coming, darlings, coming to our snugly-hidden nest
Where the orchard throws its blossoms on the river's rippling breast;
And beneath the emerald curtains, while we flutter to and fro,
You will sit and wonder, wonder, "why the robins come and go!"

Ah, the world is full of wonders,—but we robins know them well!
Things too sorrowful for singing; things too beautiful to tell!
We know why the rose is scarlet; we know why the dewdrops fall;
We know why the fair-faced lily is the dearest flower of all.

Listen! Once a loving Teacher, talking to a waiting band,
Held a royal, spotless lily, gathered with a sinless hand;
From His fingers' gentle pressure pleasant incense floated up,
And a tear of soft compassion fell within the waxen cup.

Then the lily swayed and trembled with mysterious, glad unrest,

And she whiter grew, and whiter, with that tear-drop on her breast;
For she knew that like the chalice with its sacramental wine,
She was chosen type and symbol of a grief and love divine.

And a crystal mist descended, and each blossom bowed her head,
Eager for the odorous baptism of the tears the angels shed,—
Shed because the Master sorrowed,—and the drops, so warm and true,
Ever after have been falling on the earth in limpid dew.

At His feet, among the lilies, with a fair, unconscious grace,
Bloomed a rose that paled with longing: longing for the lily's place.
Lo, He smiled with tender meaning,—smiled and touched her petals white,
And she blushed a living scarlet in her innocent delight!

This, the red rose told a robin; and she grew a rosier red,
As she murmured shyly, humbly, bowing low her lovely head,
"Sweetheart, am not I as blessed as the lily with her dew?
For the Hand that held the lily stooped and touched the roses too!"

—Golden Rule.

AN IMMENSE ARSENAL.

The great Woolwich arsenal in England, on the banks of the river Thames, covers one hundred acres. They make 6,000 bullets every hour. They have just made several cannon, each six times as long as a man is tall, and six feet through the center. When they load each gun, they put in powder and a shell that weigh as much as sixteen full-grown men. When the gun is fired, these shells go nine miles before they explode. They are carried on iron-clad ships, and are gotten ready for a war with Russia if all does not go according to England's liking.

Pleasantries.

How to mark table linen—upset the gravy.

When you see a family sitting about the dinner table, each member bathed in tears, remember that the horseradish season is upon us.

In a letter to a friend, a young lady states that she is not engaged, but she sees a cloud above the horizon about as large as a man's hand.

Wars come so thick in Europe that the soldiers don't have a chance to sit down for a few moments' rest, and hence the necessity for keeping standing armies.

"When do you intend to go back, Mike?" asked one exile of another. "If I live till I doye, and God knows whether I will or not, I intend to visit old Ireland once more before I lave this country."

Little Hopeful to papa, who had been absent: "Papa, I was run over yesterday." Papa: "What! You were not hurt? How did it happen?" L. H.: "O, I was run over by the Elevated Railroad." (Papa wonders if his heir won't, some day, be President.)

Two darkies were vaunting their courage. "I isn't 'feard o' nothin, I isn't," said one. "Den, Sam, I reckon you isn't 'feared to loan me a dollar?" "No, Julius, I isn't 'feared to loan you a dollar, but I does hate to part wid an ole fren' forebber."

A Scotch minister in one of his parochial visits met a cow-boy, and asked what o'clock it was. "About 12, sir," was the reply. "Well," remarked the minister, "I thought it was more." "It is never any more here," said the boy, "it just begins at 1 again."

A negro minister, who married rather sooner after the death of his first wife than some of the sisters thought proper and becoming, excused himself as follows: "My dear brethren and sisters, my grief was greater than I could bear. I turned every way for peace and comfort, but none came. I searched de Scriptures from Ginisee to Rebelation, and found plenty ob promises to de widder, but nary one to de widderer. So I took it dat de Lord didn't waste sympathy on a man when it was in his power to comfort hisself; and habin' a fuss rate chance to marry in the Lord, I did so, and would do so again. Besides, brethren, I consider dat poor Betsy was just as dead as she would ever be."

Sunday-School Department.

SCRIPTURE LESSONS.

MAY 25. LESSON 21. 1879.

Sixth Sunday after Easter.—Sunday after Ascension.—Sunday before Pentecost. John xvi. 5-11.

5. But now I go my way to him that sent me, and none of you asketh me. Whither goest thou?
6. But because I have said these things unto you, sorrow hath filled your heart.
7. Nevertheless, I tell you the truth: It is expedient for you that I go away: for if I do not depart, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart, I will send him unto you.
8. And when he is come, he will reprove the world of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment:
9. Of sin, because they believe not on me.
10. Of righteousness, because I go to my Father, and ye see me no more.
11. Of judgment, because the prince of this world is judged.

SUBJECT.—THE BENEFITS OF THE ASCENSION.

GENERAL INTRODUCTION.—The forty-ninth question in the Heidelberg Catechism asks:—*Of what advantage to us is Christ's ascension into heaven?* In the answer, three benefits are noted:—1. His Intercession with the Father in our behalf, (Heb. ix. 24; Rom. viii. 34; 1 John ii. 1.) 2. It is the pledge of our own ascension, John xii. 26; xiii. 2-4; Eph. ii. 6; Heb. ii. 16). 3. It opens the way for the mission of the Holy Ghost. This benefit is to be explained in the lesson.

COMMENTS.—We come now to a new wonder in the history of our Lord—His final manifestation, commonly called "His Ascension." The narratives concerning this event are spare, but natural. "After He had showed Himself alive, after His passion, by many infallible proofs, being seen of them forty days."
* * * * * And when he had spoken these things, while they beheld, He was taken up; and a cloud received Him out of their sight," (Acts i. 3-11). "And he led them out as far as to Bethany; and He lifted up His hands and blessed them. And it came to pass, while He blessed them, He was parted from them, and carried up into heaven," (Luke xxiv. 50-1). "So then, after the Lord had spoken unto them. He was received up into heaven, and sat on the right hand of God," (Mark xvi. 19). Mount Olivet was His last theatre; there He exhibited Himself for the last time to mortal eyes. In sight of Jerusalem Jesus was born, crucified and taken up. For the natural world the Ascension was a withdrawal; for the spiritual world it was an arrival of our glorified human nature, and for Himself it was a ripening of the God man for eternal glory.

VERSE 5. He declares His intended departure. His destiny is indicated in the words—to Him that sent me (John xvi. 28). "And none of you asketh me whither goest thou?" They had asked Him that question twice before. (Chaps. xiii. 36; xiv. 5). The reason why they did not repeat the inquiry now is told us in the following verse.

VERSE 6. Their sorrow over His announced departure rendered them forgetful, and blind to all further hope and thought, for the moment. Just so we weep when our friends die, without reflecting on the glorious rest upon which they enter. We, even, too seldom think of the whither. How natural is this account!

VERSE 7. But He now breaks their gloom with a brilliant ray of light, by reminding them of the place He is going to, and wherefore He tells them the *whither* and the *why*. Because of their sorrow, He calls the Holy Ghost the Comforter. It is expedient for you that I go away. He would have them think of the gain which a temporary loss will bring. According to the plan of redemption, the Holy Ghost had no channel or way by which He could come to or enter our spirits, save through the glorified humanity of our Lord—"the man Christ Jesus," (1 Tim. ii. 5).

VERSE 8. The office of the Holy Spirit, in three different directions, is taught us here. Let us read the word *reprove* in the sense of *convince*. Of three things He will convince the world—Jews and Gentiles:—1. Of Sin; 2. Of Righteousness; 3. Of Judgment.

VERSE 9. *Of Sin*. The Holy Ghost will convince (1) the Jews of the great sin which their unbelief towards Christ involved them in. Though foretold by their own Prophets, they did not accept Him as the Messiah. See how He convicted them of their crime on the day of Pentecost, (Acts ii. 37). The mission of the Holy Ghost is (2) to convince the world of the sin of rejecting Christ. The sin of sin is *unbelief*. "He that believeth not shall be damned," (Mark xvi. 16). But *belief of any sort will not save*. Because they believe not in ME—that is the core of all infidelity. See the pointed words of our Lord in Chapt. iii. 16-19. The Holy Spirit alone works this order of faith in willing minds.

VERSE 10. *Of Righteousness*. Jesus had been cast out as a sinner (Chap. ix. 24); condemned as a malefactor; accused of God; as possessed of the devil. All these charges had been heaped upon Him by the race—Jew and Gentile. But by the light of the Holy Spirit, we see Him entering the Holy of Holies—going home to the Father. See Acts i. 36. How fully was He vindicated!

Ye see me no more. By this utterance we learn, that this sinful economy is no longer worthy of holding Him. When He comes again it will be in majesty and glory, to pronounce the doom of a condemned world. By His resurrection, and ascension to God, the innocence and holiness of Jesus is read in the light of the Spirit. He was *justified in the Spirit*, (1 Tim. iii. 16). As all sin lies against Christ, at last, so likewise is all righteousness to be found in Him.

VERSE 11.—*Of Judgment*—Satan is the prince of this world! Not that he is such of right; but he is such by being in possession, through the fall. Through the plan of redemption, Satan is to be dethroned, as a usurper, and the world to be placed in high relation to God, its rightful owner, (Chap. xii. 31-2; Col. ii. 15; Rev. xi. 15; xii. 10-11). The Holy Ghost by the ministry of the Apostles demonstrated this coming judgment upon the Jewish world. Nor does He cease to proclaim this judgment upon the world, (Acts xvii. 31; x. 42-44). Hence He speaks in the present tense. Our Lord sees the end from the beginning.

PRACTICAL THOUGHTS.—In a word, the Holy Ghost convinces man of the sin and guilt of our fallen nature, which reaches its ripest fruit in belief toward Christ; of righteousness, to be obtained alone through Jesus, the Lamb of God which takes away the sin of the world; and of a judgment, in which men will reap according to their sowing. May God graciously work this three-fold knowledge in our hearts! Then will we truly realize the blessings of the Ascension of our Lord, in our evident elevation toward God and Heaven.

FAITH CONQUERS.

If you ever do anything for God and humanity, you may as well make up your mind to do it in the face of obstacles and in spite of them. But however insuperable these impediments may appear to be, they invariably yield to the attacks of a living and indomitable faith. In the presence of these giants Christian courage has nothing to fear; though tall, stalwart and defiant, they fall before the stripping of faith with only the sling and the fine, smooth stones from Siloa's brook. Oh, thou man of God! face them with brave heart; dare to attack and defy the devil; trust in Almighty help to press the battle to the gate and rout the enemies' forces. God is for you, and He is more than all that can be against you.—*Zion's Herald*.

CULTIVATE A CHRIST-LIKE SPIRIT.

School yourself that the spirit in which you act and speak, shall be the one which a disciple meeting his Saviour in the daily life of Palestine, might be glad to manifest in the same case. Make it real to yourself that these around you are His representatives; and try if this culture will not give you a sense of seeing Jesus, and through Him of seeing God. Ah! there are many not able to see God in the forests, waters, or skies of nature, nor in the visions of their own hearts, who yet might attain glimpses of Him if they would look at man whom He made in His own image. If you cannot see God with the naked eye, make a telescope—take humanity and Jesus for the lenses.—*Christian Union*.

ONE SIN.

Uzziah was king over fifty years. His reign was marked by brilliant inventions, splendid victories, even-handed justice, consummate wisdom, and loyalty to God. At last, through a weak and foolish pride, he fell. The sacred historians record his good reign in few words. But his sin and its awful effects, down to the ignoble burial, are detailed at length. So strongly does one sin of a good man impress the minds of his fellows. No fall so sad as the fall of a good man. "How art thou fallen, O Lucifer, son of the morning; how art thou cut down to the ground, which didst weaken the nations!" How God's children wept and God's enemies exulted over fallen Uzziah. One cloud shadows a bright day. One flaw spoils the perfect diamond. Uzziah's sin outweighed the fifty years of uprightness. His goodness was remembered only with a sigh. So one known foolish sin may destroy the teacher's influence. One sinner destroyeth much good. What manner of persons ought ye to be, in all holy conversation and godliness?

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General News.

HOME.

The arrangements for the meeting of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church at Saratoga, on the 15th inst., have been completed.

The opening of the Permanent Exhibition at Fairmount Park, for the season, took place on Saturday, the 11th inst. It is estimated, that 100,000 persons visited the park during the day.

The Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, now sitting in Harrisburg, has just decided a second suit growing out of the suspension of George H. Stuart, by the General Synod of the Reformed Presbyterian Church, for hymn singing and communing with other evangelical churches. This decision sustains Mr. Stuart and his friends, at the same time condemning the action of Synod, and continues the Rev. Dr. Sterritt and the Second Reformed Presbyterian congregation in the undisputed possession of their property, which has been in litigation for the last ten years. The first suit, involving similar issues, was decided in like manner in favor of Rev. Dr. McAuley, of the Fifth Church, of this city, some time ago. The opinion in both cases was delivered by Mr. Justice Gordon, and dissented from in this one by Mr. Chief Justice Sharswood and Mr. Justice Trunkey.

WASHINGTON, May 9.—The Senate Committee on Epidemic Diseases to-day agreed upon amendments in the nature of a substitute for the bill recently recommended to them concerning the National Board of Health and the proposed establishment of national quarantine regulations. The amendments confine the requirements of the bill to vessels coming from "foreign ports" where any contagious or infectious disease exists, instead of referring—as in the original bill—to vessels coming from any foreign port, and provide that the quarantine regulations framed by the National Board of Health shall, as far as possible, be merely supplemental to the regulations prescribed by State and municipal authorities, and be confined to them for enforcement if they will so undertake; but, in case of refusal or failure, the President may detail an officer for that purpose. The amount of the appropriation asked by the original bill for expenditure by the National Board of Health to carry out its provisions is reduced from \$650,000 to \$500,000.

FOREIGN.

In the Russian empire there are altogether only about fifteen hundred regularly licensed physicians, or one physician to each fifty thousand people, while in the United States there is one physician to each five hundred inhabitants.

A terrible explosion of dynamite occurred at Stratford, Ontario, on the 5th inst. The shock was like that of an earthquake, shaking the whole town. \$250,000 worth of property was destroyed. Two persons were blown to atoms and three others badly injured.

St. PETERSBURG, Friday, May 9, 1879.—A Russian official statement, contradicting the news published abroad with reference to affairs in Russia, says that the reported arrests of officers have not taken place; that since February only three officers altogether have been arrested, and finally, that no arrests of whole families have been made.

PARIS, May 9.—A delegation from the French committee to promote a Franco-American treaty of commerce, waited on M. Girard, Minister of Commerce, to-day, and called his attention to Mr. Fernando Wood's motion in the United States House of Representatives relative to commercial relations. M. Girard received the delegation very cordially. He stated that he was in favor of a reciprocity treaty, and his department would give the most serious consideration.

BERLIN, May 9.—In yesterday's debate on the tariff in the Reichstag, Herr Windthorst, the Ultramontane leader, spoke in favor of protection. Whatever, he said, were the grievances and oppressions in church matters, of which they had to complain, the Centre would never carry their opposition a outrance; and where the throne, the fatherland, and the most vital interests of the country were at stake, they would always support the Government. He hoped Prince Bismarck would show himself for the future as independent of ecclesiastical counselors as he had now shown himself of economic advisors. A scene between Prince Bismarck and Herr Lasker caused a great tumult for a short time, which was occasioned by Herr Lasker pronouncing certain figures issued by the Chancellor untrustworthy.

THE MARKETS.

Philadelphia, May 10, 1879.

[The prices here given are wholesale.]

FLOUR, Wheat, Superior	4.25 @ 4.75
" Extra Family	4.37 @ 5.00
" Family	5.12 @ 5.25
Rye	2.75 @ 2.87
Corn meal	2.50 @ 2.75
Buckwheat meal	1.10 @ 1.30
GRAIN, Wheat, White	1.16 @ 1.17
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" Laguayra	142 @ 152
" Java	232 @ 252
PROVISIONS, Mess Pork	10.50 @ 10.75
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Sugar cured Ham	9 @ 10
Lard	64 @ 7
Butter, Roll extra	10 @ 12
Butter, Roll Common	9 @ 11
" Prints, extra	20 @ 25
" " Common	16 @ 19
" Grease	3 @ 6
Eggs	114 @ 12
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Blue	2.50 @ 3.00

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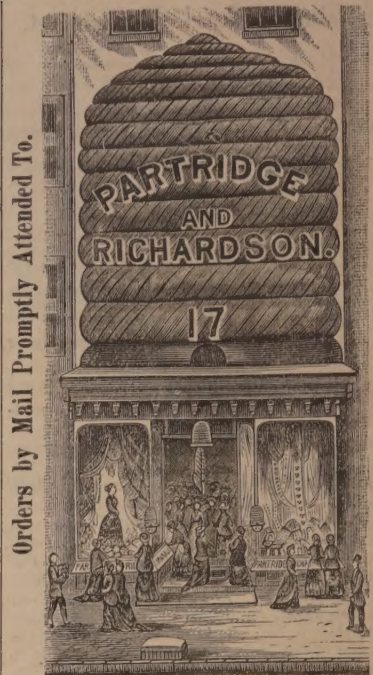
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